

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1863.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "GREAT ABOMINATION."

On the First Sunday in Advent the little church of the parish in which Rose's Bower was situated enjoyed the double advantage of Père Zacharie's eloquence in the pulpit, and of Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's attendance as one of the congregation. The appearance of the former insured that of the latter; Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain was so devoted an admirer and patroness of Père Zacharie, that she made a point of never missing a syllable which fell from the Father's lips in public. To this partisanship, more perhaps than to his individual merits—though they were not few—did Père Zacharie owe his renown as a sacred orator. Mademoiselle was a leader and an oracle in that peculiar world which makes or mars the reputation of a preacher. She was by birth a Belgian, and the descendant of a very ancient and very rich Flemish family; but had long left her native country, residing for the most part in Rome. From the year 1849 to that of 1852, she had travelled a good deal in France and Italy. This year she had taken up her abode in a château in the environs of Chambéry.

Signora Candia did not see her confessor and spiritual director mount the pulpit (it was the first time he had preached in the parish since her arrival) without some trepidation lest he should

not be properly appreciated by a country congregation. Her flutter of spirits did not last long. The imposing presence, the solemn gesture, the perfect self-possession of the priest, riveted general attention almost before the tones of his deep voice were heard. We are not called upon to give any judgment as to the Father's talents or doctrine; we shall only testify to the incontestable success of his discourse. Probably the only hearer who did not relish it was Vincenzo. It was too highly flavoured for his simple taste, too thickly interlarded with hints and threats and apostrophes against a certain Amalekite, who must have played the preacher some scurvy trick, and Mademoiselle also; for, at every palpable hit, the lady gave most emphatic nods of approbation. Père Zacharie would not have stood so high in Mademoiselle's estimation, had he not been the mouthpiece of the party she favoured.

After the sermon, the curé and the father escorted Mademoiselle to her carriage, into which they handed her amid signs of deferential recognition from the gentry, and the lowest of low bows from the peasants. Mademoiselle was a woman on the wrong side of fifty, tall, fat, of an agreeable though very masculine appearance. Her moustache might have given many a youth a pang of envy. Judging from the continual use she made of her eyeglass, she must have been extremely shortsighted. She raised it again, after seating herself in

the carriage, to take a last survey of the crowd waiting her departure ; and then it was that probably she, for the first time, remarked Signora Candia and her husband, who at that moment were just leaving the church.

"Pray, is that Mademoiselle Candia, of whom your mother speaks so well?" asked Mademoiselle.

"That is Madame Candia," replied the curé, with an emphasis on the "*madame*."

"Madame Candia!" cried Mademoiselle, nodding most graciously towards the Italian lady, and at the same time putting out her plump hand—"Madame Candia, allow me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I have heard a great deal of you ; if you are only half as good as you are handsome, you have more than your share. *Au revoir*."

Mademoiselle's manner was a happy and pleasing combination of aristocratic bluntness and unctuous devoutness. Signora Candia had scarcely time to blush scarlet and stammer forth a polite rejoinder, before the grand equipage drove off. Mademoiselle had vouchsafed no more notice of Vincenzo than if he had not been there.

If the great lady had heard of Rose, Rose had also heard much of the great lady—at the parsonage, and indeed at all the houses where she visited ; and what she had heard made praise from such lips precious indeed : heard of her exemplary piety and inexhaustible charity—of the great dangers she had run, by reason of the share she had had in securing Pius the Ninth's personal safety on the occasion of his successful flight to Gaeta in 1848. This last circumstance had invested Mademoiselle in Signora Candia's eyes with an aureole of sanctity.

"I must call on Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain one of these days," said Rose to her husband, as they walked home ; "and I hope you will go with me, Vincenzo."

"Thank you," returned Vincenzo ; "but I don't see the flimsiest rag of a pretext under which I could shelter my intrusion on that lady. I don't feel

sure that she is aware of the existence of a Signor Candia. And indeed, Rose, if you will be advised by me, you will yourself wait for some little more encouragement from her. People of rank have a clear way of making their wishes known. If Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain wants your acquaintance, she will either pay you a visit, or beg you distinctly to come and see her."

"She did express such a wish to Madame, long ago," said Rose ; "I don't think we ought to stand on so much ceremony with neighbours."

"Were this lady our neighbour, it would alter the case ; but then she is not," returned Vincenzo. "It is a good hour's drive from our house to her château."

Rose looked neither convinced nor pleased.

"After all," resumed Vincenzo, "I only give you my opinion ; you can use your own judgment, dear."

"Oh ! since you disapprove of my going, of course I shall not ; but—"

"I do not disapprove of your calling ; only, were I you, I would delay doing so for a little ; that is all I advise."

Independently of his honest desire to guard Rose from taking a hasty step, which might bring upon her some mortification, Vincenzo had plenty of other reasons for wishing to avoid, or, if that were not possible, at least to delay, the making an acquaintance which he rightly considered as a dangerous one for his wife. Mademoiselle was a fanatical partisan, devoted body and soul to the interests of Ultramontanism and reaction ; her château was the headquarters of opposition of every colour. She carried on active correspondence with more than one of the leading cardinals at Rome, and also with the exiled Archbishop of Turin, residing at Lyons—the martyr-prelate, as she always styled him ; the same at whose instigation it was that the noble Santa Rosa was, when dying, refused the consolation of the Holy Sacraments. All Mademoiselle's antecedents were perfectly well known at the Intendenza, and there it was that Vincenzo had

gathered his knowledge of her. Aware as he was of Rose's predilections, no wonder he felt a decided repugnance to her entering an atmosphere of heated and systematic hostility to the principles he himself warmly cherished, and to the Government he desired faithfully to serve.

Some nine or ten days after the conjugal dialogue related above, the first thing Rose said to her husband on his return to dinner—said in that peevish tone of triumph which so clearly revealed the speaker's sense of her own slighted wisdom—was : "After all, I was right. Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain has been here ; she did expect me to call on her, and was surprised at my not having done so. I wish I had followed my own impulse. It is always awkward to disappoint those who mean kindly by us."

Signora Candia rather exaggerated when she spoke of disappointment and expectation. Mademoiselle had merely said that she had hoped they would have met sooner ; an empty formula of politeness, by which she meant nothing, and could have meant nothing, but a passing civility—as, were the truth told, she had completely forgotten Signora Candia's existence, until, happening to pay a visit to Madame, that managing old lady had reminded her of the fair inmate of the Bower.

"I am sorry if I led you into a mistake," said Vincenzo ; "nevertheless, I am not sorry that Mademoiselle has called on you ; it is what all the other ladies of your acquaintance did."

"I hope you will go with me to return the visit," said Rose.

"Did Mademoiselle inquire for me—express any desire to see me ?" asked Vincenzo.

"She spoke of you, of course," said Rose, evading any direct answer to the question.

"Ah ! my dear Rose," said Vincenzo, with a half-smile, "you are not a good diplomatist—you cannot hide from me that your new friend not only did not ask you to bring your husband with you, when you went to see her, but

neglected the common unmeaning courtesy of hoping she should some day know Signor Candia. I, on my side, am as little desirous of Mademoiselle's acquaintance as she is of mine."

"Then you are very unlike everybody else," retorted Rose. "I know of no one who is not anxious to boast of being acquainted with Mademoiselle."

"I will explain my want of ambition," said Vincenzo. "Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain has very strong and decided political convictions, which are the very opposite of mine—"

"What does that matter ?" interrupted Rose. "It is the same with the Curé, and Monsieur and Madame Chapon, and the Parmentiers. You differ from almost every person we know, and yet you go to their houses and they come here."

"It is too true," replied Vincenzo, "that a general feeling of dissatisfaction does prevail in this neighbourhood, and that any one who holds to the Government, and yet does not wish to live isolated, must make up his mind to put up with a good deal of contradiction. Still, there are degrees and shades among the opposition. Now, Mademoiselle's is of the deepest dye, the very *ne plus ultra* of reaction. Neither she nor any of her intimates make any secret of their hatred and contempt of the Statuto, and the Government which upholds it. As it happens that I revere the Statuto, and have the honour to be employed by the present Ministry, I do not think that my proper place would be among those who openly revile the Constitution, and would do all they could to overthrow it."

After a pause, Rose said : "To say the least of it, it is unlucky that you should have put yourself, and that without the least necessity, into the awkward position of not being able to associate with most estimable people, solely on account of their political views. However, thank God, I am not in the service of the Government."

"True ; but you must not forget that you are the wife of one who is."

"Do you mean to say that, because I

am your wife, I am to decline the invitations of a lady who is looked up to with reverence by every soul but you?"

"God forbid," said Vincenzo, "that I should ever require you to slight any one who had shown you kindness! only I would caution you against forming any great intimacy in a quarter so decidedly hostile to the institutions of our country. I have too much dependence on the affection and good sense of my little wife to have any fears of her wilfully placing me in a false position."

"Nothing like this would occur if we were quietly where we ought to be," said Rose, with a sigh.

Vincenzo did not follow her on that unsafe ground, but, like a wise man, held his peace.

Why had Signora Candia twice already pressed Vincenzo to accompany her to Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's, and why had his refusal to do so wounded her to the quick? Simply because she had fixed upon Mademoiselle as a powerful auxiliary in a future, yet hitherto vague, plan for the conversion of her husband. It was the curé and his mother who had first suggested the idea to Signora Candia of forming a close alliance with Mademoiselle for that holy purpose, by remarking to her pretty often that, if any one could cure Signor Candia of his political exaggerations, Mademoiselle was the person. Vincenzo's political and other extravagances were openly discussed and deplored, in Rose's presence, at the parsonage. What a pity that so clever and sensible a young man should have imbibed such extreme and dangerous tenets! What a pity that he, who might live at home in plenty and ease, should choose to drag his wife about the world, and endanger his soul in the service of a Government bent upon Protestantizing Catholic Piedmont!

One clear frosty afternoon, Rose ordered the gig, and drove to Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's château, to return that lady's visit. As Vincenzo's ill-luck would have it, Rose had hit upon a most unfortunate hour. Mademoiselle had just received the Turin official

Gazette, in which, at full length, was what Mademoiselle called "The Great Abomination"—namely, the text of the bill for the suppression of certain convents, and for the better distribution of the revenues of the Church, presented to Parliament the previous day.

Mademoiselle, and no wonder, was in a state of great agitation, and the numerous company filling her *salon* no less so. Rose was quite intimidated—first, by unexpectedly seeing so many persons assembled, and then by the disturbed looks of every one. Cut to the heart as the party-woman may be, the woman of the world will never lose her self-possession: her smile will be as easy, her round of phrases flow as gracefully, as though no mischance had occurred.

"I am doubly glad to see you to-day, Signora Candia," said Mademoiselle. "Thank you for this mark of your sympathy. The day of trial teaches us who are our real friends. Ah! we live in sad times." Even the shortsighted spinster could not mistake the look of blank astonishment on her visitor's face. "Is it possible," she asked, "that you are ignorant of the news?" An increasing expression of anxiety on the handsome young face intimated, beyond all doubt, that Signora Candia was quite in the dark as to what Mademoiselle alluded to. "A new persecution," explained the great lady—"a new crusade against religion! All religious orders are suppressed, and their property confiscated—a happy combination of sacrilege and robbery; liberty of prayer in common abolished; thousands of holy men and women torn from the altar, and thrown penniless and houseless on the world—Père Zacharie among the rest. That's the news to-day brings us; there it is—every detail given; you will see I have not misstated anything." And Mademoiselle handed Rose the Turin *Gazette*, adding, "You are aware this is the Government official paper." Rose mechanically accepted the newspaper almost thrust into her hand, and tried to read the article pointed out to her; but the words trembled and danced

so before her eyes that she could not make out a syllable. "This will be a finishing-stroke for His Holiness," pursued Mademoiselle. "I am confident it will break his heart. Was there ever, in fact, blacker ingratitude? At the selfsame moment that the Supreme Pastor, in his unflinching solicitude for the welfare of souls, defines and publishes the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, thus opening to Catholicity a new fountain of grace, *your* country makes him *this* return!" Poor Signora Candia grew first red, then white, and tears of shame and indignation swelled her eyelids. Mademoiselle, mollified by Rose's irrepressible emotion, added, "No, I am wrong to say *your* country, my sweet child. I know Piedmont well; it is Catholic to the backbone. The authors of this violence are a mere handful of infidels, headed by Count Cavour, and sold to England. But their triumph will not last long; for is it not written in the Scriptures, 'For yet a little while, and the ungodly shall be clean gone; thou shalt look after his place, and he shall be away'?"

Fresh arrivals now called away the attention of the lady of the house; and Signora Candia was left to herself, or rather to the lamentations of her neighbours on her right and left. The one, an elderly lady, declared it to be her firm belief that the time was at hand when they must all prepare for martyrdom; the other, a middle-aged priest, gave her the very words in which Count Cavour had couched his promise to Lord Palmerston, that within two years Piedmont should become Protestant. Rose was horror-stricken; all she now heard chimed in too well with her preconceived notions for her not to imbibe it as if she had been a sponge.

When she rose to take leave, Mademoiselle insisted on her remaining a little longer, that she might have the comfort of seeing that the cause of religion was not entirely deserted—nay, might yet triumph. Little doubt of victory to the cause Mademoiselle upheld, had all the owners of those angry, gloomy, excited faces wielded swords

instead of tongues for it. Visitors poured in—the first had to withdraw to make room for the last comers. Mademoiselle had a nod or a word, a shake of the hand or a smile, for every one. A general, reviewing his troops on the eve of battle, could not have displayed more energy or tact. Rose's heart overflowed with admiration for the heroic lady, and with hatred for her adversaries. It never occurred to her that, in a country where such gatherings could take place in broad day, and such manifestations of feeling be indulged in without danger, martyrdom could not be so near at hand as the elderly lady at her side had been predicting.

Rose was at last permitted to say adieu; and the reader will be better able to imagine than we to describe her state of mind during her drive home. It was fortunate that the distance between the Château and the Bower was considerable, thus giving her time to cool down sufficiently to put some method in her passion; otherwise a domestic storm would have been inevitable. Shall we also turn to account a few minutes of this interval, and try to free the "Great Abomination" from the clouds of exaggeration wrapt round it by party-feeling, doing our best to reduce it to its real proportions?

The bill in question, be it fully understood, cast no one penniless on the world, nor did it confiscate any property whatever. It suppressed, it is true, a certain number of useless religious communities, but allotted to each of their members a pension sufficient to live upon. It claimed for the State the administration of all conventual property, yet strictly maintained the application of all ecclesiastical revenues to exclusively ecclesiastical purposes—such, for instance, as the payment of those pensions above mentioned, the redemption of the ecclesiastical tithes in Sardinia, and the raising of the stipend of poor parish-priests to a minimum of twenty-four pounds per annum. Be it known that, up to that period, between two and three thousand parish-priests (*parrochi*) in Piedmont had incomes

under twenty pounds a year. The bill, further, imposed a tax on the revenues of the convents which were not abolished ; also on those of the colleges conducted by ecclesiastics, as well as on the annual rents of archbishoprics and bishoprics. The bill was guilty of no greater enormities than these.

Signora Candia was just stepping out of the gig when, from the opposite direction, Vincenzo appeared, bringing with him two guests to dinner, instead of only the one (Ambrogio) who was expected. The second, a nephew of the Intendente of Chambery and just arrived from Turin, had been a fellow-student of Candia's. Vincenzo made no scruple of now and then bringing home with him a friend, or even two, without any previous notice ; for he knew that Rose rather liked than not the being taken unawares, that she might prove the extent of her foresight and the fertility of her resources. This afternoon, however, he perceived that something was amiss ; but he abstained from making any inquiry. He introduced his old acquaintance, and was glad to see that he was courteously received ; his coming, then, had not caused the cloud on Rose's brow. The dinner went off well, even cheerfully ; for the Signora's reserve melted under the warm and unanimous praises given to the cookery and to the perfection of the way in which every dish was served. How had Signora Candia managed to train her servants so admirably ! No mistress of a house, let her causes of vexation be what they may, is proof against this sort of flattery.

The three men, after smoking a cigar, had scarcely joined the Signora in the drawing-room, when the curé came in. Since the days had grown so short, instead of a morning visit, he occasionally dropped in of an evening to enjoy a sociable talk. The curé was a very hardworking, very meritorious, labourer in the vineyard of the Lord ; a simple, sober-minded, sensible sort of man in all respects, and on all subjects, save one—viz : what he called the prerogative of Rome, and by which he meant

the prerogative of all wearers of a cassock, from the Sovereign Pontiff down to the seminarist in minor orders. On this topic the curé was passionate, one-sided, fanatical, intractable. He was on this particular evening full of the news of the day, and had purposely come to the Bower to vent his spleen. He thus began :

"Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. I am not surprised to see you in such good spirits. I have come to congratulate you on the courage of your masters at Turin. The Protestantizing scheme begins at last to assume both colour and shape."

"Most ungrateful of curés," said Vincenzo, good-humouredly, "how can you be wroth with a measure which rescues three thousand brother-priests from starvation?"

"A drop of honey in a cup of poison," retorted the curé. "For my part, I spurn the bribe, *Danaos et dona ferentes*. And besides, what right have you to take from one to give to another?"

"But we are not taking anything from anybody," here put in Ambrogio. "We are simply administering that well which you have administered ill—first of all, making it yield more, and then distributing the produce more justly and humanely ; that is what we are going to do."

"Say, if you are allowed the opportunity," cried the curé ; "do not cry out victory before the battle is ended. You may live to learn what it is to cope with Rome."

"It is Rome which insists on coping with the spirit of the age," cried Vincenzo. "Why does she compel us to take, by force, that which we were disposed to ask as a favour—that which we begged for with humility?"

"Ah ! but what if you ask for things which Rome cannot consistently grant?" said the curé.

"Was it impossible to grant us the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which we on our knees implored?" asked Vincenzo.

"Don't mention that subject," exclaimed the curé, chafing ; "that was

your declaration of war to the clergy—a spoliation and an insult.”

“Exactly so,” burst out Rose ; “those are Don Natale’s very words.”

This sudden profession of faith by the hostess took every one by surprise, and was followed by a perfect blank of silence. Vincenzo was the first to recover his presence of mind.

“If,” said he, turning to the curé—“if it was a spoliation and an insult, why did the Church take it so meekly from France, Austria, and Naples?—why resent it alone from Piedmont?”

“I do not admit your right to put the question. Rome lies under no obligation to explain her course of action. One of two things : either you believe that the Holy Spirit abides with her, or you deny it. If you believe, then you must be persuaded that whatever she does is right ; if you deny it, then you are a heretic, and I shall avoid all discussion with you.”

“*Distinguo*,” said Vincenzo ; “in all that regards dogma, I submit to Rome ; as regards discipline, I reserve my right of examination.”

“Then are you no true Catholic, and I will not argue with you any more,” cried the curé, rising and moving towards the door. “Only I warn you,” he added (and he paused on the threshold), “if you imagine that Savoy will passively follow in the wake of your Protestant movement, you never were more mistaken in your life. Let this abominable law pass, and the last bond between us and Piedmont is loosened. Our natural leaning towards France—which up to this day has been counter-balanced by reason and traditional attachment to a dynasty—will then be transformed into an imperative duty, a necessity of self-defence : Catholic France from that moment will be our chosen country.”

“Why not rather at once choose Rome, the model Government?” asked Ambrogio.

“Her Government is incomparably better than yours,” sneered the curé ; “if you had any right feeling, you would be ashamed of it.”

“Not a bit,” said Ambrogio.

“I am, for one,” retorted the curé, and went away.

“And I, for another,” said Rose, rising and leaving the room.

Vincenzo flushed scarlet to the very roots of his hair, then grew deadly pale, but said nothing. A minute or two of awkward silence ensued. Ambrogio was the first to break it, by a sonorous peal of laughter.

“Great asses that we are,” he exclaimed, “to be arguing and quarrelling with a curé on such topics ! It is like pounding water in a mortar. The Church in our country has so long lorded it over the State that the least attempt on the part of the Government at independence, even in the most trifling matter of discipline, is *bond fide* regarded and resented as an intolerable interference and usurpation.”

The stranger followed Ambrogio’s lead, and after a little Vincenzo roused himself to take a share in the argument ; but so pre-occupied were all three speakers with their own private thoughts that every effort to keep up the ball of conversation failed. Ambrogio saw that the kindest thing to do was to say “Good night.” Begging Candia to present their farewell compliments to the Signora, the two gentlemen rose to depart. The night was dark and tempestuous, snow was beginning to fall ; yet Vincenzo put on his hat, and announced his intention of seeing his guests part of their way home. Ambrogio remonstrated in vain.

“I have a headache,” urged Vincenzo, “and the cold air will do me good.” And so, one step after another, he went with them almost to the entrance of Chambery ; he then said “Good night,” and turned back. Rose’s husband felt angry, very angry—more angry than he had ever fancied it possible he could be—with his wife ; he wanted to give himself time to cool, and walked leisurely, heedless of snow and wind. Many were the wise counsels he gave himself during his solitary walk ; and these, combined with the beneficial effect of air and physical exertion, enabled him

to re-enter his own dwelling in an even frame of mind.

He found Rose sitting in her usual place on the left of the fireside, her work-table before her. She neither spoke nor looked at him when he went in. Vincenzo walked up to her, and, without speaking, took her hand, raised her gently from her seat, and, with a little tender compulsion, made her sit down by his side on the sofa. Still retaining her hand in his, he said : "Rose dear, I hope, nay I am sure, you are now sorry for having been so hasty. You know to what I allude?"

"Yes, I understand you perfectly," said Rose; "but, to tell the truth, I do not regret either what I said or did, nor do I think I ought to feel any regret."

"I am sorry, more than sorry, to hear you say so. I still hope you will alter your mind, when you come to reflect on how painful it must be to me—how unbecoming it must appear to my friends and visitors—to find you siding so openly and vehemently with my opponents."

"I took the side of truth," said Rose.

"Rather of what you believe to be the truth," answered her husband. "Still, even the cause of truth should not be rashly or injudiciously defended. Your whole manner, the remark you made during the unlucky debate, pointed out clearly enough the opinion which had your sympathy. You were not called upon to indorse the curé's last taunt—a most unjustifiable one—against the Government."

"Unjustifiable, perhaps, in your eyes, but not in mine," said Rose, quietly disengaging her hand from Vincenzo's clasp.

"We'll come to that point by-and-by. I now appeal to your heart, not to your reason. Dear Rose, how have you the courage not only to inflict real pain on me, but also to place me in such a false position, by making a display of feelings diametrically opposed to mine, and without, I again repeat it, any necessity for so doing?"

"Some years ago," returned Rose,

"it was in 1850, I believe—in order to prevent disagreeable scenes, I begged you to humour certain of my father's opinions; you then said—his views being contrary to truth, how could you humour them without being guilty of equivocation? That is my answer to you now. I will not equivocate."

"But to humour your father's ideas, in the sense you meant, would have been my acquiescing in that which I held to be false—I must have made a positive sacrifice of truth. Do I ask anything of the kind from you? I merely beg you to be silent."

"My silence would be misconstrued," observed Rose.

"Little danger of that. You have taken very good care that your way of thinking should be known; and then your memory is good, but mine is not bad, and I can complete your recollections of the incident to which you have just alluded. Our conversation did not stop at the phrase you quoted against me. After a while you asked me, you may remember, whether I was sure of being on the side of truth, and I replied that I was sure of being on the side of what I conscientiously believed to be truth."

"Well, what difference does that make?"

"It makes this difference, that the convictions which I supported, in contradiction to those of your father, were the result of time and reflection, of much honest searching and conscientious study. Now, put your hand on your heart, and tell me truly, can you say as much in behalf of the opinions which divide you from your husband?"

"It is not necessary to be learned in order to have decided opinions as to right or wrong, in certain matters: Conscience is often our surest guide."

"Yes, when the conscience is an enlightened one."

"Many a child knows more as to faith than the subtlest philosopher," said Rose.

"Allowed; but the point at issue is not one of faith, but of legality. It is simply this—Has the Government a right

to interfere with the civil existence of corporate bodies? Yes or no?

"Certainly not with corporate religious bodies, unless with the consent of the Pope."

"And, supposing he withholds his consent, what then?"

"Then they cannot be meddled with."

"That is a monstrous doctrine, my dear Rose, which has no foundation but in your prejudice. If such were the general belief, the Pope would be master everywhere."

"So he undoubtedly is, in all spiritual concerns."

"But convents, inasmuch as they are corporate bodies, are not spiritual concerns, my dear."

"Yes, they are," said Rose, doggedly.

"Why, dear love, a positive proof that they are not so is that, by the law of Piedmont, no convent can be established, as a corporate body, anywhere in the limits of the kingdom, without the authority of the Government, in whose hands naturally remains the power equally to withdraw as to grant an authorization."

Rose was silent for a moment—then said, "You may outargue me, but you will not bring me over to your opinion for all that."

"Really, Rose," said Vincenzo, losing patience, "this is being too absurd."

"Of course, I know that to differ from you must be absurd."

Vincenzo was about to reply, but suddenly checked himself—sitting by her side with the compressed lips, the clenched hands, the tightly-closed eyes of one undergoing a spasm of intolerable pain. At last he said, in a subdued voice, "Rose, we may hold different opinions and yet live in peace, if we only resolve to bear and forbear."

Rose answered, "You told me at Florence that either of us who thought the other wrong was bound to try and put that other right."

"True, and so it ought to be; but . . ."

"You mean me to understand that you have given up the hope of making me adopt your views?"

"I begin to despair of making you understand me."

"Well, I don't give up the hope of some day converting *you*," said Rose with animation.

"I don't say nay," replied Vincenzo, somewhat sadly. "In the meantime, let us live in peace."

"I ask for nothing better," said his wife.

"Then, if that be the case," continued Vincenzo, "promise to offer no pointed opposition to my political creed in the presence of others."

"That I cannot promise," said Rose, quietly.

"You cannot promise that!" repeated Vincenzo, in a sort of blank amazement. "Are we come to such a pass that, after only eight months of marriage, you can coolly tell me, your chosen husband, that you cannot promise to impose a slight check on yourself, for the sake of our mutual peace?"

"It is written, 'He that loves father or mother better than me is not worthy of me,'" quoted Rose.

"And you believe that, in conducting yourself as you do, you are acting up to the spirit of the Gospel? Oh! poor Gospel!" and Vincenzo covered his face with his hands.

Rose, after a little while, said, "There is one way of securing a good understanding between us; let us go back to Rumelli."

"And resign my appointment?—never!"

"Then, it is not my fault if we do not live in peace," wound up Rose, rising and leaving the room.

Vincenzo did not close his eyes the whole night for thinking and commenting upon that prophetic question, addressed to him years before by Onofrio: "Can you not foresee a day when this young lady (alluding to Rose) will take one side and you the other of a question, and when to do your duty will cost you a severe struggle?" And he, Vincenzo, had answered, without hesitation, "No!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SUNDRY CONJUGAL DIALOGUES.

THIS is perhaps the place to clear away a doubt which may possibly have crossed the mind of the reader. Was Vincenzo a freethinker, or was he only a Protestant sympathizer? Neither the one nor the other. Vincenzo was a sincere Catholic, and earnestly wished to remain so. No one, indeed, had hailed with more enthusiasm than he the marriage between Religion and Liberty which 1848 had inaugurated; no one had acclaimed with more tender reverence the name of the Pontiff Reformer. Even the desertion of the national cause by Pius IX. had not succeeded in alienating from him the young enthusiast's heart. Vincenzo, a mere lad at the time, had nevertheless felt the full force, and allowed to the Head of the Church the benefit of, the provocation received; and, though the day on which Pius IX. re-entered his capital, more like a conqueror than like a father (and a conqueror, too, by foreign arms), had been to our hero a day of infinite sadness, yet that sadness had not been un-mixed with hope. Yes, he still retained a confident hope that the fountain of mercy and of wise improvements, checked awhile by the pressure of the storm, would again flow abundantly when tranquillity was restored.

We give the impressions and feelings of one whose education had been entirely clerical, and of whose belief one of the fundamental tenets consequently was, the absolute infallibility of the Pope. But, when he beheld reaction enthroned in the Vatican, and persevered in wantonly, in spite of the calming effects of time and the pressing counsels of France; when he beheld Piedmont, the only plank still floating of the total wreck of Italian independence and freedom, made the target of a systematic and passionate hostility by the Holy See—then Vincenzo's conscience was sorely troubled—then began a painful struggle between his reason and his faith, his duty to his country and his duty to Rome. Who

was wrong?—who was right?—the Pius IX. of 1848, the initiator of Reform, the champion of Italian Independence; or the Pius IX. of 1850, the despotic ruler, the bitter opponent of the only remaining representation of National Independence in Italy? This contention of mind was long and severe—volumes could not describe its phases; its issue we already know. This was chiefly brought about by two circumstances: first, by those parliamentary debates on the Bill for the Abolition of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction which we saw him so assiduously follow; and, secondly, by the subsequent denial of the last Sacraments to the dying Rossi di Santa Rosa, by reason of the share he had had in the passing of that bill. Vincenzo came out of the struggle, he honestly hoped, a sincere Catholic and a firm believer in the Papal prerogative, so far as it did not interfere with the Civil Independence of the State. It was a limitation forced on many a wellwisher to their country at that period—a limitation without which Italy would be still in her limbo. This point cleared, we pursue our narrative.

The ill-omened discussion with the curé, which had led to that deplorable one between husband and wife closing our last chapter, was destined to have a long train of disagreeables for all parties. The curé did not show his face at the Bower during the next three days; thereupon Rose went to the parsonage to inquire the reason. The curé pleaded want of leisure, having had more to do than usual, and also that the severity of the weather had deterred him from venturing out, except on a call of duty. Madame was more explicit, though not, of course, in her son's presence.

"The truth was," said the old lady, "that the curé had been obliged to listen the other evening, at the Signora's house, to declarations of principles, to professions of faith, to arguments coupled with taunts, which no ecclesiastic who respected himself would run the risk of enduring a second time. It was sad, very sad indeed, that a lady of Signora Candia's sterling

piety should, in a degree, countenance by her presence the use of irreverent, irreligious language."

"But what can I do?" asked Signora Candia, in very real distress; and then she made a clear breast of her troubles, told of her late difference with Vincenzo, of the sort of persecution she suffered at his hands, &c. &c.

The old lady, who was undoubtedly well-meaning, and who would not for the world have wilfully run the risk of sowing discord between husband and wife, did not, for all that, spare her young friend either advice or exhortations as to her conduct for the future—advice easier to give than to follow. Signora Candia must, at the same time, be firm and yielding—conciliating, yet very careful as to what or how far she conceded; in short, it was a case of how to do and not to do. Above all, Signora Candia was to pray, to be for ever praying, never to be tired of praying, for her husband's conversion—yes, Madame said, for his conversion, just as though he had been a heathen. To such a pitch can party-feeling pervert the ideas and confuse the language of some of the worthiest of human beings!

As Rose was leaving the rectory, she met the curé coming in, and she could not resist telling him that she now knew the reason why he stayed away from the Bower—adding that, however much she regretted it, she could not say she thought him wrong. The curé was too conscientious a man not to strive, to the best of his power, to diminish the force of the impressions which he instantly discerned his young parishioner had received. With much candour he declared that he considered himself as the cause of the scene of the other evening; for he it was who had given the first provocation, by broaching the vexed question. If he no longer went to the Bower, he begged her to believe that he refrained, not from resentment for what had occurred, but rather from fear of what might happen. He confessed that he distrusted his power of self-control when certain topics were discussed; he was easily stung,

and apt to sting in return. Better for all parties that, for the present, he should make himself scarce. He was bound in justice to say that Signor Candia was always moderate and becoming in argument. Every one, however, could not boast of Signor Candia's tact and good-breeding. The curé concluded, as he had begun, by affirming that he had blamed; and ought to blame, no one but himself: he was too irritable, especially considering the cloth he wore; but, as so it was, the more advisable it became that he should shun occasions for exhibiting his bad temper. The curé's allusion to Ambrogio's want of respect and politeness was not lost on the Signora. She had never liked the young soldier, and had always looked upon him as a pernicious and dangerous associate for her husband; from this moment she began to detest him.

Vincenzo had not been blind to the discontinuance of the curé's visits, and had easily guessed the cause; but had thought it most prudent to seem as though he had not noticed the change. This silence did not suit Rose. On the evening of the day she had been to see Madame, she said, "So long as you have your everlasting Ambrogio, you don't care a straw who comes to see us or not."

"Why do you speak of Ambrogio as everlasting?" asked Vincenzo. "Such an epithet implies, either that you think him tiresome, or that his visits here are indiscreetly frequent. I must say, however, that I see no ground for one or the other imputation. Ambrogio is, in my opinion, lively and entertaining; and I have not perceived that he takes undue advantage of your hospitality."

"How you blaze up in defence of this dear bosom-friend of yours!" retorted Rose. "Had I said twice as much against Monsieur Parmentier or the curé, you wouldn't have had a word to offer in their defence."

"I cannot say—probably not," was Vincenzo's reply. He went on: "Ambrogio is an old and very dear friend of mine. I both esteem and like him; besides, I am very thankful to him for

all the trouble he has taken to make himself useful and agreeable to us."

"I don't deny that he has been obliging, but you seem to me to over-rate his services."

"Perhaps ; and, if I do, I don't regret it : as regards gratitude, better err by too much than by too little. However, that has nothing to do with what we were discussing. You said, I think, that I did not care who came to see us or not ?"

"Well, and isn't it true ? For instance, the curé has not been here for an age, and you have never vouchsafed an observation on the subject."

"An age would be indeed a long period. If I am right in my reckoning, only four days have elapsed since the curé's last visit, and that supposing he does not look in on us this evening."

"As to that," interrupted Rose, quickly, "you may make quite sure he will not come."

"Besides, my dear Rose," continued Vincenzo, "my not mentioning a subject is no proof that I have overlooked it. I had my reasons for abstaining from any remarks. I now see, and grieve to see, by the certainty you express as to the curé's not calling this evening, that my conjectures as to the motive of his unusual absence were too well founded. He has taken offence where none was given."

"None given !" exclaimed Rose. "Do you think it can be a matter of indifference to any ecclesiastic to hear religion and its ministers attacked in his presence ?"

"Not a word, Rose, my dear, was uttered against religion or its ministers the other evening. Pray, don't *you* get into the habit of confounding ideas and words. Religion is too holy a thing for its name to be taken in vain."

"What is the good of affecting respect for the name, when none is felt for the reality ?"

"Your speech is very uncharitable, Rose ; but let us keep to the curé. He was himself the originator of the dispute, and he certainly gave more blows than he received—two excellent reasons for his not taking offence."

"He is offended, though, and he will never call here again ; our house will soon be shunned like a lazzaretto."

"Oh ! no danger of that ; you will always have plenty of visitors ; they will come for your sake, to be edified by your piety."

"My piety is, of course, a matter of ridicule to you."

"Not of ridicule ; rather of surprise that it should steer so clear of charity. Since the other evening's ill-fated discussion, every word you have said to me, every look you have given me, has been that of a bitter enemy."

Rose did not repel the charge ; probably she felt it had in it some truth. Rose closely resembled her father : easy and good-natured, so long as everything went smoothly with her—that is to say, so long as she had her own way ; the moment she was crossed, she became all pricks and thorns. The absence of any early check—nay, the system of over-indulgence pursued by her father with regard to her—had increased her natural tendency to domineer, and sharpened her impatience of all contradiction.

After this conjugal dialogue, Vincenzo made a point of seeking the curé and expressing his regret that so long a time had elapsed since they had seen one another—adding a hope that the change was not in consequence of what had occurred at their last meeting. The curé denied having taken any offence ; but admitted, as he had done when similarly challenged by Rose, that there were certain topics highly unpalatable to him, and which he wished to avoid hearing discussed.

"Come and see us, as you used to do," replied Vincenzo, "and the disagreeable subjects you allude to shall be entirely banished from our conversation. Now then, when may we expect to see you ?"

The curé promised that he would go to the Bower as soon as the pressure of business attendant on the solemnities of Christmas and New Year's-day should be over.

Christmas and New Year's-day went off tamely enough at the Bower. Ambrogio was the only guest, and to his

hostess not one of the most welcome. His Christmas-gift to the Signora—a bouquet of beautiful hothouse flowers, which had cost him a month's pay—was frigidly received, and left to wither in a corner. Vincenzo after a while took up the flowers, and, placing them in a vase full of water, called his wife's attention to how charmingly the red-and-white camellias, with their glossy-green leaves, represented the national colours of Italy. Nor was the slight to the nosegay the only one Ambrogio had to put up with from the Signora. Women, no doubt, have at their command a thousand delicate ways of showing their sympathies ; they also have at least as many of making evident their antipathies without laying themselves open to the charge of being ill-bred. In short, Ambrogio had quite enough of it ; and, once his *visite de digestion* paid, Rose's Bower saw him no more.

Vincenzo had now to hunt up his friend. "What has become of you, my good fellow ? I began to fear you were ill."

"Not ill, but uncommonly busy," answered Ambrogio.

"Nonsense !" said Vincenzo ; "not all the business in the world could or would prevent you seeing your friends, were there no other reason. The truth is, you are offended with my wife ?"

"Not offended," protested Ambrogio. "Signora Candia is an excellent woman, but she does not like me, and takes good care to let me know that she does not. What, therefore, can I do in such a case but stay away ?"

"You ought to do something better still ; put up with my wife's whims for my sake, and come and see us as usual. She has taken it into her head that what passed in our last fencing-match with the curé has scared him from our house ; *inde ira*. She holds to this curé and his mother more than I could wish. Yet how object to the intimacy ? However, what I have to ask you is this—the curé has agreed once more to favour us with his company ; I will get him to fix an evening ; will you come and meet him ?"

Ambrogio assented.

"Thank you. I will send you word what evening he fixes ; and only remember this, my friend," wound up Vincenzo, "we'll keep clear of politics. No possibility of living in peace in this blessed country unless we banish politics from our talk."

"Ha ! ha !" cried Ambrogio ; "what did I tell you ? I gave you a year, and, behold, within four months you are singing my song."

Bent on making peace, Vincenzo, on leaving Ambrogio, went direct to the curé, and, reminding him of his promise, pressed him to say what evening he would spend at Rose's Bower. The curé did his utmost to parry the attack ; however, after a stout defence, he had to yield, and named seven o'clock of the evening of the day after but one. Vincenzo informed Ambrogio of the arrangement, and begged him to be punctual. The young man was to the minute, and so was the curé ; and, if hand-shakings can be accepted as honest witnesses, a full reconciliation then and there was effected between the priest and the soldier. The difficulty in such ticklish circumstances is at once to find some subject of general interest, so that there should be no pause between the first preliminaries and the subsequent conversation. On this occasion there was ready at hand a topic of public, though melancholy, interest.

On the previous day, the 20th January, the Queen Dowager, Maria Teresa, widow of Charles Albert and mother of Victor Emmanuel, had died at Turin. This sad event had excited universal regret. It was commented on and deplored everywhere, and it was natural enough that it should be discussed in Signora Candia's drawing-room. The species and length of the Queen's malady, her age, her lineage, and suchlike particulars, were all sifted and ascertained. Her Majesty's unfailing benevolence was also dwelt upon with enthusiastic and well-deserved praise. The curé especially enlarged with warmth upon this point, going so far as to hint that even by her death she might confer a lasting and great boon on her country. It is next to an impossibility for persons of pas-

sionate temperaments not to colour facts, more or less, according to their own feelings or prejudices. The curé's insinuation was something obscure, at least to Signor Candia, who asked, "In what way?"

Avoiding a direct answer, the curé said, "Is it not written that afflictions are sent from on high to deter the powerful from their wicked purposes?"

The allusion was transparent enough now; the wicked purpose was evidently the suppression of the convents, and the heart to be softened was that of the King.

Ambrogio was nettled, and observed that, in his poor opinion, it was far more Christian to bow one's head simply and submissively to God's decrees, than to presume to interpret them according to our own shortsighted views and passions. Vincenzo had to interfere at this critical juncture, and succeeded, not without difficulty, in preventing an angry retort from the priest, and in launching the conversation into another and less dangerous channel. Vexed with himself for his want of caution, Ambrogio, in a praiseworthy spirit of conciliation, spoke to the curé of those things most likely to please him—admired his little church, inquiring whether Father Zacharie would preach there soon again. Ambrogio had never heard the eloquent monk, and was very desirous of enjoying that pleasure. The curé answered civilly, but laconically. Rose was mute. The curé rose to go away early, and Vincenzo and Ambrogio saw him safe home; Vincenzo then walked on to Chambery with his friend. We pass over their conversation.

Rose had retired to rest before her husband's return. He betook himself to his little study, his haven of peace; and there, amidst his notes and speculations, he for a time forgot all his worries. But for the real enthusiasm with which he pursued the particular kind of avocation he had taken in hand, such a life as he had been leading for now nearly a month would have been unbearable. The report he was drawing up for the Minister was his great consolation. The first part, that which em-

bodied the political and social state of Savoy, was all but finished; indeed, he meant to forward it within a week to Turin.

From that evening Ambrogio adopted the habit of seeing Vincenzo at his office; his visits to the Bower were made at rare intervals, while those of the curé ceased altogether. Vincenzo was not sorry for this. Political and religious partisanship waxed so hot and bitter all round that it was vain to hope that people of different opinions should meet without quarrelling. Various causes, besides the chief and permanent one—we mean the stormy debate in the House of Deputies on the vexed question of the convents—various causes, we say, contributed to this recrudescence of hostile feelings. First, in chronologic order, was the death of the Queen, the wife of Victor Emmanuel, which followed close on that of the Queen Dowager; scarcely a week separating the two melancholy events, which were represented, by those whose interest it was to do so, as signs of celestial wrath, provoked by the bringing forward of the obnoxious bill. Next was the Encyclic of the 22d of January, in which the Head of the Church re-proved and condemned the proposed law as to convents, demanded its withdrawal, together with the repeal of all laws and ordinances tending to infringe upon the authority, or to limit the rights, of the Holy See and the Church; in short, summing up by declaring all such null and void. Simultaneously with the issue of this Encyclic arose rumours of impending excommunication. The Bishops of Savoy were convened, and recorded a public and violent protest against the law. On the 26th of the same month, Cavour laid before Parliament the treaty of alliance between France, England, Turkey, and Piedmont, by which Piedmont bound herself to send twenty thousand soldiers to the Crimea. This master-stroke of policy was met, both on this and the other side of the Alps, by an outburst of opposition. Measures which entail on the country a sacrifice of blood and money are rarely, if ever, popular.

Such were the facts which, skilfully

dressed and coloured for party purposes, brought in their train a fresh crop of fears and irritations. Not one of these incidents, not one of the comments to which they gave rise, but in its rebound struck Signora Candia's mind, and through her, alas ! murdered Vincenzo's peace. Religion in jeopardy, the country on the eve of destruction !—such was the burden, varied in form, never in substance, of the conversation current in Rose's little world. She heard it everywhere. At the parsonage, it was asserted by Madame in biblical style ; at the other houses where she visited, passages from the local clerical papers were paraphrased ; even in her own household the panic was shown by clumsy queries from the cook and gardener, as to whether it was true that the King had turned Protestant, and that mass was no longer to be said. If so, what was to become of them all ?

On the 11th of February, Vincenzo came home at his usual hour, looking very pale and sad ; he found Rose sitting, or rather crouching, before the fire. He went to her, and pressed his lips to her forehead, as he had taken to doing since she had left off meeting him with a kiss. He said, "Have you been calling anywhere to-day, Rose ?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the bad news ?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"Did you hear it at the parsonage ?"

"Yes ; from Madame."

"What a terrible fatality !" exclaimed Vincenzo. Rose made no reply, but sat looking vacantly at the fire. "You say nothing ?" observed Vincenzo, after a pause.

"Of what use speaking ?" asked she in a forlorn manner.

"Are you ill, Rose ?"

"Not ill, but stunned," she said.

The news alluded to by Vincenzo was enough to stun any one. For the third time within the space of a month had the Angel of Death knocked at the gate of the royal palace. The Duke of Genoa, the King's brother, was dead ! He died on the 10th of February, at the early age of thirty-two.

Dinner that day at Rose's Bower was

a mere ceremony. Vincenzo tried to eat, tried to converse ; Rose neither ate nor spoke. The meal was short and gloomy as a funeral feast. When it was over, Rose resumed her crouching attitude before the fire, staring intently at the burning wood. Vincenzo took up a newspaper, held it before his eyes for a few minutes ; in vain ; he could not read. Throwing it down, he drew near to his wife, took both her hands in his, and said, caressingly, "Rose, my darling, talk to me."

"I have nothing to say," was the reply.

"Oh ! yes, you have ; tell me your thoughts at this moment."

"Indeed, I scarcely know if I am thinking. I feel so heavy and giddy."

"Then you must be ill, dear ; let me go and fetch a doctor."

"No, no, pray don't. I am not in need of a doctor : what I want is rest. I have had a shock, a great shock ; the best thing for me at this moment is to go to bed and try to sleep."

Rose accordingly went to bed, had a cup of hot tea, which she said had so greatly relieved her head that she was sure she should be able to sleep. Vincenzo sat by the bed until he had seen her drop into a quiet slumber ; then he left her, in obedience to the wish she had expressed, that he should leave her as soon as she was fairly asleep.

It was still early in the evening, not yet eight o'clock ; Vincenzo, therefore, determined to devote two or three hours to his favourite task. It was some time before he could enter into it with his accustomed interest, but he did so at last. The first portion of his report had been sent to Turin at the end of January ; the second and last part, on which he was now engaged, was devoted to the consideration of the measures best calculated to stem disaffection. To point out practical ways and means to accomplish this desirable end, taxed all the young politician's powers ; the very feeling of difficulty added a keener relish to the labour. Vincenzo believed, rightly or wrongly, that he had hit upon a plan, which would reconcile the claims and interests of Savoy with

the claims and interests of Piedmont. Plunged in his speculations, Vincenzo had for some hours completely forgotten the external world, even to his fire, which no longer retained a spark of heat. Suddenly the door opened, and on the threshold stood Rose, robed in white, her face as white as her dress, her eyes sparkling ominously in her pale face. She began thus, in a solemn voice :

"Vincenzo, you asked me this evening to tell you what I was thinking of. I told you then I scarcely knew ; now I do, and I have come to answer your question."

"Not here, not here," cried Vincenzo, folding her in his arms ; it is too cold, the fire is out ; your hands, my poor darling, are like ice, your forehead burnings ; you must not stay here."

She paid no attention to his entreaties, but went on, in the somewhat inspired tone in which the curé's mother generally spoke—

"Vincenzo, the finger of God is plainly to be discerned in all these startling deaths. Woe to those who will not see the Hand that strikes ! Let us leave this Tower of Babel, before it be laid low in the dust ; let us abandon the doomed vessel ere it sinks. I am come now to warn you, to implore you."

"Not here, not here," exclaimed the half-distracted young man, trying to draw her gently from the room. "You are not well, my precious one—you are feverish : come, come away—to-morrow. . . ."

Rose broke in : "To-morrow will be too late. Hear me—nay, you must and shall, even to the very last word I have to say. Vincenzo, you are on the high road to perdition. God Himself calls on me to save you. Zeal for your salvation has eaten up my heart from my very childhood upwards. From the day you left the seminary, I have never ceased to tremble for you. Turin and what you learned there have been so much poison. I tried to the best of my power to counteract the effect. My conscience is heavy with self-reproach, for not having done all that I might have done. When God made me the

instrument to save your life, I felt that He had also chosen me to save your more precious soul. I accepted the mission, and, in order to fulfil it, I married you."

"Oh ! Rose," expostulated Vincenzo, with a groan, "only for that."

"Chiefly for that," returned she. "I liked you, without ever thinking of you as a husband. My real wishes turned towards the cloister. The first time I ever thought of you as my husband was in connexion with the mission confided to me. When, later, Barnaby told me how unhappy you were on my account, I felt for you also in another way. I won't deny it ; but my mission stood foremost—to accomplish it, my first object. Now, I come and say to you, Will you help me to fulfil the will of God as regards you ?"

"Certainly, with all my heart," said Vincenzo, soothingly ; "only you must allow me a little time for consideration, my dear Rose."

"For consideration of what ? There is but one way."

"Be it so, dear ; yet this is neither the time nor the place for coming to so serious a resolution. You are shaking with cold, and so am I. Let us go to bed. Night is the mother of good counsels, you know ; and we shall resume the argument whenever you please."

Rose, whose feverish energy was nearly spent, suffered herself to be led back to her room, and to her bed. She was restless, and for some time went on speaking incoherently ; at last, however, she fell into a profound sleep. Vincenzo was completely bewildered. Rose had saved his life (through the infallible scapulary he supposed) ! Rose had a mandate from on High to save his soul ! Rose had married him not for love, but from Christian charity ! All these statements had taken him by surprise, the last most of all. Though uttered in a moment of feverish excitement, though contradicted to some extent by his own previous observations and experience, still this last declaration had cut him to the heart—one must be in love to understand how deeply. After all, how few really had been

his opportunities for observation ; how limited his communication with Rose, during what may be termed the period of his courtship ! The poor young husband was swimming in a sea of perplexities. Another and appalling contingency presented itself : what if the fit of morbid excitement which had all at once seized on one so passionless, should be only the beginning of a series of such ? What if her religious fanaticism should react on her constitution ? What if, one of these days, he should have to choose between his appointment and his wife's health—perhaps her reason ?

Rose got up at her usual hour the next morning, and went about her domestic operations as usual. She said, in answer to Vincenzo's inquiries, that she felt quite well, only a little tired. She supposed she had had a slight attack of fever, which had, however, now entirely disappeared. Vincenzo was unwilling to go to his office that day and leave her alone, but ended by yielding to her pressing solicitations that he should not stay at home for such a trifle. When he came back, she kissed him affectionately, quite a novelty ; she looked grave, but her manner to him was sensibly improved from what it had been previous to her nocturnal visit to his study. Withal, as she made no allusion to it, Vincenzo began to hope that she had retained no consciousness of it. He was shortly to be undeceived, for on the evening of the third day, Rose said calmly, "Vincenzo, you have now had plenty of time for consideration. What is your answer ?"

"My answer ?" repeated Vincenzo, startled as by an electric shock.

"Yes, your answer ? Are you going to resign your appointment or not ?"

"Listen to me, Rose."

"Not before you have answered my question."

"Well, then, I have no intention of giving up my appointment." She rose to leave the room. "Stop," he said ; "you promised to listen to me." She sat down again. Vincenzo gave her his reasons for resisting her suggestion ;

No. 43.—VOL. VIII.

spoke firmly, but with great moderation. He said that, before flinging away an advantageous opening in life, and one on which he had set his heart, a young man in his position must have peremptory reasons indeed, and he had none. The motive which she put forward, of a kind of judgment of God, was merely a groundless and very uncharitable assumption. Neither the King nor the Government had done anything to justify the supposition ; it was rash and impious in man, to distort into signs of celestial wrath events which were in the ordinary course of nature. "Judge not that ye be not judged." The three successive blows which had fallen upon the King ought to serve rather to augment the sympathy and loyalty of his subjects, than be made the starting-point for disloyal attacks and sweeping condemnations. He had a conscience as sensitive as that of other people, and his conscience was tranquil. He claimed for himself the independence of opinion and action, which he readily granted to her. He besought her, in the name of all that was holy, in the name of their future peace, to moderate her zeal in his behalf. In short, all that a sensible, a loving and conciliatory husband could say under the circumstances, Vincenzo said.

"Is that your final determination ?" asked Rose, when he stopped speaking.

"It is."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I am going to do. I shall write to papa to come and take me back with him."

"Do so."

"You said that when papa came to see us, I might return with him if I felt inclined."

"Yes, I said so."

"Then we understand one another ?" wound up Rose, as she was leaving the room.

"Perfectly."

Her unfeelingness had raised a storm of indignation within Vincenzo's breast. It burst forth in this cry, "Why, her heart is as dry as a pumice-stone."

To be continued.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

WHEN I first visited London—a mere boy of about fifteen years of age—the two most eminent physicians of that day, as I well remember, were Dr. Mathew Baillie and Dr. Pelham Warren; but, as I never consulted either professionally, though I had an opportunity of seeing both more than once while staying with a sick relative, I mean only to say a passing word of these eminent and remarkable men.

Baillie struck me as a person of great dignity and impressiveness of manner. His air was simple, natural, and very earnest, and he, I observed, addressed the old servant and nurse of his patient with quite as much courtesousness and consideration as the patient himself. The qualities of gentleman and honest man appeared to me to be associated in his character with the attainments of the perfect physician, and he left on my young mind an impression which time has not effaced. Baillie looked the character he represented to perfection. His manners were admirably adapted to a sick room, quiet, grave, and undemonstrative. He was a great patron of rising merit, and always anxious to advance the fortunes of any rising young man. No one more befriended the late Marshall Hall in his earlier professional career.

Pelham Warren, the son of a great physician, then stood only second to Baillie in repute. He was a man of great sagacity and of the most solid attainments. His countenance was lighted up by the most brilliant and penetrating eyes it has been my fate to encounter.

One of the first regular physicians I ever consulted in London, five-and-thirty years ago, was a man very much of the school of Baillie and Warren. This was the late Dr. Wm. F. Chambers, who then lived in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, to which house he had

removed from the neighbourhoods of Fitzroy Square and Dover Street. Chambers was, I believe, the son of Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a prizeman in 1810, and he subsequently studied anatomy and physic at Edinburgh, under Fyfe. He had risen at this time, though very little more than forty, to very considerable eminence, and, in three or four years after I first saw him was, probably, the physician in the largest practice in London. His appearance even at the period of which I speak was more than ordinarily staid, grave, and scholarly. He seemed to me in delicate health, and to wear an air of lassitude and weariness, which gave an idea of over-work. Of all the medical men I had hitherto encountered he also seemed to me the one whose countenance was most "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought." He looked pre-eminently a man of labour and research. This my first impression was increased in looking around his spacious study. It appeared to me more filled with books than the library of any professional man I had visited. There were a multitude of old folios of venerable appearance, and on a nearer examination of the shelves I could perceive that all the great medical and surgical writers were represented in various editions. Dr. Chambers was one of those urbane well-bred men who quietly listened to their patients, and who, after they had heard their tale, proceeded to put a few pertinent questions. I consulted him for a stomach-complaint of long standing. "I can see," said he, "that you have taken, in the way of medicine, nearly the whole pharmacopœia; but my advice to you is, after continuing the mixture and pill which I prescribe for about a fortnight, to throw physic to the dogs. Be in the open air as

"much as possible—twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty, if you can; and which, by the bye, is quite practicable, for what Charles II. said is very true of the climate of England. No doubt it is extremely changeable; but, nevertheless, taking one day with another all the year round, England is the country, as the merry monarch observed, in which you can remain in the open air the longest. Therefore I advise you to walk, ride, and drive, as much as possible, and when tired of these relaxations to sit *al fresco*, if the weather be genial. Even with a steady practice of these habits, and moderation in diet, it will still be a long while before you are restored to perfect health, for there is nothing more difficult to vanquish than the stomach diseases." In the ten subsequent years I occasionally consulted Chambers, and always found him eminently plain and practical in his professional views. I should not call him a man of genius, or a person of quick faculties; but he was a practitioner of sound judgment, and of great reading and research in his profession. That he was very successful in his large practice there can be no doubt whatever. But it was an observation of Baillie's that the successful treatment of patients depends rather on the exertion of sagacity and good common sense, guided by competent professional knowledge, than on extraordinary efforts or attainments. The great object of a physician, according to Sydenham, should be that the cure of diseases may be managed with greater certainty. "Any progress," said that great physician, "in that kind of knowledge, though it teach no more than the cure of the toothache, or of corns upon the feet, is of more value than the vain pomps of nice speculations." This seemed also to be the view of Chambers, and he was eminently safe and practical in all his remedies. About eighteen years ago the health of Dr. Chambers obliged him to retire temporarily from the practice of his profession, at a period when he stood in the very first rank. He gave up his house in Grosvenor Square; but after an absence of

a couple of years, he returned again to London, and occupied a house in Cumberland Place. But, as the proverb says, "*les absents ont toujours tort*," and in nothing is this more true than in the profession of physic and law, in which practitioners have so many competitors that if they but absent themselves for a month they lose patients and clients, who never return. It was said of Chambers that he treated every one as though the liver were affected; but I think this is an exaggeration. On the first occasion on which I saw him he remarked my liver was somewhat torpid; "but there is nothing uncommon in that," he added, "for of every twenty patients I see among Englishmen there are nineteen whose livers are functionally deranged, if not organically diseased, and a good number whose livers are beyond hope of cure." There appears to me nothing improbable or fanciful in this. The censorious public, a quarter of a century ago, used, however, to say that Wilson Philip had his hobby of dyspepsia, Brodie his hobby of gout, Chambers his hobby of liver, Bright his hobby of mottled kidney or morbus Brightii, Seudamore his hobby of rheumatism, and Prout his hobby of calculus. Yet my strong impression is that in most instances the physicians were in the right, and that the public were in the wrong, in imputing discriminative knowledge to over zeal for a favourite theory.

Previously to consulting Chambers, having been long suffering acutely from rheumatism, or rheumatic gout, I was advised to consult Sir Charles Seudamore, who had just written a treatise on the subject. Having read the work, I was doubly inclined to call on him, as he lived at No. 6, Wimpole Street, within a short distance of my lodgings. I found, on calling in the early morning, a short, scrubby, black-visaged, hairy, little man, seated at a table in a small back room, with a note-book before him. He asked me a number of questions, many of which appeared to me quite frivolous and immaterial. But he, nevertheless, transcribed the answers in his note-book, pretty much

in the manner a judge takes down the evidence of a witness *à nisi prius*. At the close of his queries he wrote me a prescription, which he requested me to get made up at Garden's, in Oxford Street. The prescription not only did me no good, but produced unimaginable nausea and sickness, owing to the predominancy of the wine of the seeds of colchicum, a medicine of the exhibition of which Scudamore was too fond. On my second visit, I told him the remedy was worse than the disease; and, having learned, in the interim, that the knight had been originally bred an apothecary—a class of persons whom I held, rightly or wrongly, in especial horror—I ceased further to consult or to have any faith in the little man. Yet, I believe he was a skilful chemist, and had made a special study of gout, rheumatism, and cognate diseases: on gout and rheumatism, indeed, he had written a tolerable book. Be this as it may, I learned from a very able and learned physician, that Scudamore, if not a perfect conjuror in the *Ars Mendendi*, was, at least, one of the best whist-players in the parish of Marylebone, and an especial favourite with His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he was domestic physician.

A man of much higher order than Scudamore was Prout, who lived, when I first became acquainted with him, at 40, Sackville Street, to which house he had removed from Southampton Street, Bloomsbury. Prout, though not enjoying a large practice, was on all hands admitted to be one of the most learned and scientific physicians of his day, even in the period when William Hyde Wollaston was reckoned on the roll of London practitioners. Prout was a silent, shy, and reserved man, very pallid and of sickly appearance, who dressed somewhat like a physician of the beginning of this century. He always appeared in a uniform suit of black, with shorts and long gaiters to match. He visited his not very numerous patients for the most part on foot, apparently wrapped in deep thought, looking right down upon his toes, like the late Lord Chief Justice Tyndal.

The eminent London surgeons of five-and-thirty years ago, such as Cline, Cooper, Vance, Heaviside, and Brodie, entertained a high opinion of Prout's skill, and generally availed themselves of his aid in calculous disorders. Prout's medical treatises are held in high repute by the profession. He was the author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises; and Dr. Lankaster, in a recent work, says we are more indebted to him than to any other investigator in advancing our knowledge of the action of food. Prout, like Chambers and Marshall Hall, had studied at Edinburgh, where he was their contemporary.

A physician in much more extensive practice than Prout was the late Richard Bright, who, in my earlier days, lived in Bloomsbury Square, from whence he removed to Saville Row, a few doors from the house of Sir Benjamin Brodie, with whom he was a great favourite.

Bright had in his academical career distinguished himself at the University of Cambridge, of which he was travelling bachelor, and, at a time when the Continent was closed to travellers, had visited Hungary and Poland. On his return to England, he commenced a successful practice; and from the year 1832 to 1850 he was one of the most extensively employed and one of the most eminent of the London faculty. He was of a patient, laborious, and investigating spirit; and his works on the brain and on the kidneys mark an era in medical literature. His name is identified throughout Europe with one of the most formidable of diseases—the *Morbus Brightii*. Bright had an only son, on whom he centered all his affections. On the education of this young man no expense was spared. He was sent to the University of Cambridge (where his father had studied before him) with every advantage of abundant means and careful preparation; but the early promise of distinction was not to be fulfilled in his person. He was seized with a fatal illness about twelve or fourteen years ago, and his father was summoned to his bedside. But, notwithstanding all his parent's skill,

the complaint proved fatal, and young Bright was carried to an untimely grave. His father never recovered this severe shock. For a time, by a desperate effort, he rallied, and devoted himself anew to practice, allowing little time for recreation or reflection. But the thought of his bereavement, of his utter loneliness, would intrude and impress itself sadly and ineffaceably on his mind, incapacitating him for professional duty. In this fashion he lingered for some ten years, but soon followed to the tomb his friend Chambers, with whom he had so often consulted in professional practice in the fourteen or fifteen years between 1832 and 1846. Bright was, I believe, in easy circumstances when he commenced his professional career; but his eminence was not owing to patronage, nor to the gifts of fortune, nor to a showy or specious address, nor to any singularity of views or doctrine, but to his sagacity, to his solid qualities, and to his eminent professional attainments. Bright and Chambers had a larger practice among distinguished barristers than any physicians of their time. I attribute this partly to their eminent merits, partly to their intermixture with men intended for the law, and somewhat also to the one being the son of a judge, and to the other being a near relative of a barrister.

During the absence of Chambers and Bright from London, on a summer continental tour, I first consulted Marshall Hall, who was then living near to me in 14, Manchester Square, a house which he had occupied since his removal from Keppel Street, in 1830. His countenance was intelligent and pleasing, and he was undoubtedly a conscientious and painstaking man; but it occurred to me, on seeing him for the first time, that, although his face beamed with good-nature and benevolence, yet his manner was somewhat prim and provincial. He asked me, for instance, before I said a word to him on my complaint, my age, my profession or calling, my hour of rising, whether I took much exercise in the open air and of what

kind, my hours of breakfast and dinner, and what I chiefly lived on in the way of fish and flesh. These questions were, perhaps, necessary to assist the judgment of the practitioner, but they were rather wearisome to a patient who did not distinctly see their precise bearing. When I came to know Marshall Hall better, this primness, not to say priggishness of manner, wore off, and he appeared to me what he really was—a conscientious, careful, and painstaking physician, accurate in diagnosis, which he had learned by the close study of diseases at the bedside. His first lectures, in 1813, were on the subject of diagnosis; and these were afterwards expanded into the celebrated work bearing that name, the first edition of which was published by Longman and Co. in 1817.

Marshall Hall had few advantages of early education. He was the son of a cotton-spinner at Nottingham, the sixth of eight children, and, at fourteen years of age, was bound apprentice to a chemist at Newark. While in this position, feeling the deficiency of his early education, he imposed on himself the task of writing Latin exercises, which he regularly sent once a week, by a carrier, to be corrected by his friend, the Rev. Robert Almond, then curate of Basford. In October, 1809, when in his nineteenth year, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he became a favourite pupil of Dr. Andrew Fyfe. The professor gave him and another fellow-student leave to attend in the dissecting-room, out of the usual routine, at a very early hour, for practical purposes; and it was by this unusual industry that he acquired that acquaintance with anatomy which, to use the language of the son of Dr. Fyfe, "paved the way for his future researches." He spent five years at Edinburgh, two of which were passed at the Royal Infirmary. It was in Edinburgh, in 1812, he first became acquainted with the late Dr. W. F. Chambers, of whom I have spoken in a previous part of this paper; who, a prizeman at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1810, arrived two years afterwards in the Scottish capital

to study medicine, with the fame of a diligent student and a ripe scholar. Hall left Edinburgh in 1814, and, before he settled down to the practice of his profession, journeyed to Paris with Dr. Harisson, a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune. Having minutely studied at the medical schools of the French capital, he visited—such was his thirst for professional knowledge—the schools of Göttingen and Berlin in the month of November, 1814, making the long journey on foot. His original intention was to have settled at Nottingham, his native place; but, as there were already four physicians in that town, he was induced to forego the plan, and Bridgewater was selected as his residence. But, finding there but little scope for practice, he remained only six months, and early in 1817 returned to Nottingham. It was during the first year of his residence there that he produced his exact and comprehensive work on diagnosis, of which Dr. Baillie observed, in 1818, “that the object was most important, and the execution very able.” When, a few months after, being in London, Dr. Hall called on the President of the College of Physicians, the latter conceived the work must have been written by Dr. Hall’s father. The author modestly told Dr. Baillie that he, not his father, was the author of the work. “Impossible!” exclaimed the court physician, “for the treatise would ‘have done credit to the greyest-headed philosopher in our profession.’” Dr. Hall soon obtained a large and lucrative practice among the principal families of the county of Nottingham, inclusive of the Dukeries,¹ as well as the towns of Derby and Leicester.

Dr. Hall was one of the first in England to check the system of bleeding, which had become too universal. Physicians seemed then and antecedently to have adopted the advice of Argan in the *Malade Imaginaire*,—

“Clysterum donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuda purgare.”

¹ Dukeries, a country round Nottingham; so called from being the residence of fourukes.

The established opinion in 1820 was that almost all pain in any complaint arose from inflammation, and the practice of blood-letting was carried to a fearful and fatal extent. Marshall Hall was the first practitioner in England who arrested this practice, by his accurate diagnosis, considerably before he published his work on the effects of loss of blood, in 1824. Loss of blood is now known to be at the root of much that had passed thirty or forty years ago for various grades of inflammation. At present, when venesection has so much diminished, and the use of leeches has declined at least eighty per cent., it is difficult to realize the fact that the lancet was in hourly use forty, thirty, and even five-and-twenty years ago. The change of practice in England was greatly produced by Marshall Hall. The throbbing temple, previously treated by depletion, is now known to arise in many cases from loss of blood. The most eminent physicians of the Dublin School of Medicine, in 1823, such as Graves, Stokes, &c., without knowing anything of Hall’s practice, followed simultaneously a similar plan to his, and set their faces against the indiscriminate use of the lancet. The works and the clinical practice of Doctor Hall drew to him the attention of Baillie in his later years; and, considerably before the young Nottingham physician tried his fortune in town, in 1826, Dr. Baillie predicted that he would be one of the first physicians in London within five years. The first year of his residence in Keppel Street Dr. Hall netted 800*l.* by his fees. He removed four years afterwards to 14, Manchester Square, a mansion in which he continued to reside till 1850, when he went to 38, Grosvenor Street. It was in the interval between these years, while attending to the exigencies of daily practice, that he made his most important discovery in physiology, that of the diastaltic spinal system. In reference to these discoveries Dr. Hall was wont to state that, in the long interval of twenty years, he had devoted to this subject not less than 25,000 leisure hours, and that, if the hours devoted to

the same subject in practice, in relation to diagnosis and pathology, were to be reckoned, the number ought at least to be doubled. The late Dr. Prout called Dr. Hall's discoveries in reference to the spinal cord the most important that have ever been made in medicine; and he went further, and stated that by his extraordinarily acute researches he had rendered the practice of physic more exact.

When seven years in practice, Dr. Hall's income amounted to 2,000*l.* a year. At the period I first consulted him he had been ten years in town, and his income then, I believe, was fully 3,000*l.* a year, if it did not exceed that sum. In 1849, when he had been twenty-three years in London, his yearly gains were 4,000*l.* a year, though he made an annual tour to the Continent for a period of two months. I remember well, as though it were but yesterday, his asking me, many years ago, to accompany him on a trip to Vienna, whither he was proceeding, with a view to study tetanus, or lock-jaw. He subsequently asked me, having lent him a work on Egypt written by a friend, to accompany him to that country; but as this ground, as well as Austria, was familiar to me, I declined the proposal. "In fact," said I, "Dr. Hall, I have almost nothing to see either in or out of Europe." "Nevertheless," said he, "you should constantly travel when you have any spare time. There is no alternative remedy of so much efficacy. The change of air, of soil, and scene, the excitement, the freedom from cares and harass, the early hours, the change of diet and drink, all conduce to a beneficial action in the system and its secretions. By travelling," said the doctor, "you increase the activity of mind and body, you augment appetite and digestion; you, in a word, improve all the mental and bodily functions."

These views were long afterwards strongly enforced on me by one of the first of living physicians, once the pupil, and even the friend, of the late lamented Dr. Graves—I mean that able and distinguished practitioner Dr. William

Stokes, the Regius Professor of Physic in Dublin. Dr. Hall, like Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Stokes, Dr. Corrigan, and many others, practised what he preached. He did not confine his journeys to the French capital, but visited Germany and Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and even America, feeling that the free exposure of the face and the general surface to the air, the more frequent respirations, and the quickened digestion, promoted by every muscular effort, had a potent effect on the spirits and feelings. All eminent physicians are now of accord that there is nothing in the *Materia Medica* comparable to the air and exercise, to the repose and recreation of mind which one gains in travelling. The more frequent respirations excited by every corporal effort, the consequently quickened digestion, have, as Hall used to insist, their admirable effects on the spirits and the feelings. Then there is the fresh converse, there are the new modes of life, of thought, and of social habitude, which one acquires from intelligent strangers, whether French, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, or Russians. These things, happening under the influence of air, exercise, wind, and sunshine, contribute to render the temperament more cheerful, and add immensely to the happiness and contentment of the wayfarer; for there can be little doubt that sociability and the free interchange of ideas amidst peoples of different callings, races, and nationalities, give a new value and a fresher zest to existence.

Dr. Hall was a great advocate for simple remedies and mineral waters. He prescribed the Harrowgate, Cheltenham, Bath, and Vichy waters in many diseases, and used to send patients to a chemist named Times, who lived at the corner of Thayer Street, Manchester Square, for dozens of the Harrowgate springs, of which the worthy compounder received a supply twice a week, as well as for his *Pil. Aloes: dilut.*: composed of equal parts of Barbadoes aloes, extract of liquorice, soft soap, and treacle. Of this pill Dr. Hall directed from three to eight grains to be taken

daily, in the course of dinner, so that it might mingle with the food. Any one who had visited the eating-parlour in Manchester Square towards six o'clock P.M. might see this pill in a well-stopped phial, placed at the right hand of the doctor, by the salt-cellar; for he was a man to practise himself what he so zealously preached to his patients.

As a practitioner, Dr. Hall possessed courage, decision, and promptitude, combined with extreme caution. His mode of expression was clear, and his demeanour straightforward and manly. There was a winning pleasantness and amenity in his manner very agreeable to strangers, and a frankness, delicacy, and openness oftener sought than found among professional men. He was cheerful, cordial, and sympathizing to those who consulted him. The first wish that animated his heart was to give health and happiness to the suffering and afflicted. His professional life and his private life were alike pre-eminently simple, pure, and truthful, marked by a rare spirit of integrity and independence. With all his scientific attainments and accomplishments, he was a thoroughly modest and unobtrusive man. He was well aware that I had spent a great deal of my life in France, that I had written in the language considerably, and that I had devoted a good deal of attention to the literature of that country; yet he never informed me that he had made himself master of French, and wrote in it with ease and perspicacity, and even elegance. It was not till after his death that I became aware that he wrote a tract on a professional subject in French. Of his "*Aperçu du Système Spinal*," that eminent physician Baron Louis said: "*De ce petit ouvrage tout plait au premier abord, la forme et le fond. Quelle clarté en effet, quelle rapidité dans l'exposition des faits. Quelle sobriété de langage. Vous êtes un écrivain consommé même en Français; et la seconde lecture me charme encore plus que la première.*" Hall had taught himself Latin; he commenced the study of German at forty-seven, and of Hebrew at sixty-five.

These are sufficient proof of his energy, industry, and thirst for knowledge. During his toilsome professional career Hall showed himself an enlightened philanthropist and a benevolent physician. He bestowed much attention on proper drainage and sewerage, on defective ventilation, on the impure supply of water, and also on intramural interments. He also addressed several useful and practical letters to the *Times* on flogging in the army, on the defects, in respect to health, of railway carriages, and on other cognate subjects. In 1853, after a practice of forty years, the state of Dr. Hall's health obliged him to quit the profession, which he had so long honoured and illustrated. During his career no man had done more to elevate medicine as a science, and no man, with the exception of Sir Charles Bell, had done half so much for Physiology. Yet his discoveries were treated with neglect, and there were not wanting medical periodicals to speak of him in a disparaging strain. This has been the fate of discovery in all times—

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouded
snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

In speaking of Marshal Hall, one is reminded of the passage in Ecclesiasticus: "Honour a physician with the honour due to him for the uses you may have of him; for the Lord hath created him, for the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men shall he be in admiration."

Having spoken of half a dozen physicians, I will conclude this paper with a few words respecting an eminent Irish surgeon, who, though not so well known to the English public as the late Sir Philip Crampton or the late Sir Henry Marsh, was yet very well and advantageously known to the whole profession in both countries, and very generally known and esteemed by the public.

This was the late Richard Carmichael, of Granby Row, Dublin, for many years the contemporary of the late Sir Philip Crampton. They were very nearly of the same age, one being born in 1777 and the other in 1778. Both were educated in Trinity College, Dublin; both studied anatomy under the ablest teachers; and both commenced the practice of their profession in 1799, when Richards, Macklin, Colles, Peile, and Dease, stood in the first rank of Irish surgeons. The personal appearance, graceful carriage, and winning manners of Crampton gained him the lead among the younger men, a lead which he continued to hold to the last—first, from his adroitness, skill, and ability; and, secondly, from being backed up by powerful friends and influential connexions. But Carmichael closely trod upon the heels of his competitor, and from 1805 till 1827 or 1830 stood in the next rank to him. Though not so bold, brilliant, or quick an operator as the Surgeon-General Crampton, yet he was fully as skilful, and, perhaps, on the whole, a safer man with the knife in his hand. Carmichael, too, like Brodie, had a good knowledge of medicine, and knew how to treat a patient after an operation as well as antecedently to it. He was a person of fuller reading, general and professional, than Crampton, though not so off-hand and ready in the application of his knowledge. So early as 1803 he published several papers in the medical

journals connected with his profession; and in 1805 appeared his treatise on Cancer. This was followed by his work on the use and abuse of mercury—a production which excited a good deal of contention, and some opposition, in the medical and surgical schools of Dublin. At the head of the advocates for the administration of mercury stood Colles, a very renowned lecturer and practitioner; at the head of the opposite school stood Carmichael, walking in the footsteps of Abernethy, John Pearson, and the late Mr. William Rose, surgeon to the Life Guards. But, though these London practitioners had, before the Irish surgeon, advocated the more extended use of the Lisbon diet drink, and a more judicious and discriminative exhibition of mercury, yet Carmichael was no servile imitator, but supported his views with ability by reasons of great cogency, and altogether his own. Carmichael was a man of enlarged views, of a philosophical mind, and of extensive general information. His manners were suave and gentle, and he was liberal and generous in the practice of his profession. In the latter years of his life he had much practice as a consulting surgeon, and divided the business of the Irish metropolis with Sir Philip Crampton. He died, without family, about ten years ago, at the ripe age of seventy-six, having honourably realized a very considerable fortune in the liberal practice of the healing art.

HISTORY, AND ITS SCIENTIFIC PRETENSIONS.

BY WILLIAM T. THORNTON.

WHEN equally competent thinkers appear to take directly opposite views of a matter of purely speculative interest, it will commonly be found that their differences arise from their using the same words in different senses, or from their being, by some other cause, prevented from thoroughly apprehending each other's meaning. An illustration

is afforded by the still pending controversy regarding the possibility of constructing a Science of History, which could scarcely have been so much prolonged if all who have taken part in it had begun by defining their terms, had agreed to and adhered to the same definitions, and had always kept steadily in view the points really in

debate. If the word "science" had been used only in the restricted sense in which it is sometimes employed by some of the most distinguished of the disputants, there would have been less question as to its applicability to history. No one doubts that from an extensive historical survey may be drawn large general deductions on which reasonable expectations may be founded. No one denies that the experience of the past may teach lessons of political wisdom for the guidance of the future. If it were not so, history would be as uninteresting as fairy lore; its chief use would be to amuse the fancy; and little more practical advantage could result from investigating the causes of the failure of James II.'s designs on civil and religious liberty, than from an inquiry into the artifices by which Jack-the-Giant-killer contrived to escape the maw of the monsters against whom he had pitted himself. What is commonly understood, however, by a Science of History is something far beyond the idea entertained of it by such temperate reasoners as Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. The science, for the reality of which M. Comte in France and Mr. Buckle in England have been the foremost champions, would bear the same relation to political events as Optics and Astronomy do to the phenomena of light and of the solar and sidereal systems. It would deal less with the conjectural and probable than with the predicable and positive. "In the moral as in the physical world," say its leading advocates, "are invariable rule, inevitable sequence, undeviating regularity," constituting "one vast scheme of universal order." "The actions of men, and therefore of societies, are governed by fixed eternal laws," which "assign to every man his place in the necessary chain of being," and "allow him no choice as to what that place shall be." One such law is that, "in a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives:" another, that a certain number of persons must commit murder: a third, that

when wages and prices are at certain points, a certain number of marriages must annually take place, "the number being determined not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority." These are general laws; but the special question as to who shall commit the crimes or the indiscretion enjoined by them, "depends upon special laws, which however, in their total action must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate." A Science of History would consist of a collection of "social laws," duly systematized and codified, by the application of which to given states of society the historical student might predict the future course of political events, with a confidence similar to that with which he could foretell the results of familiar chemical combinations, or the movements of the planets.¹

This is the theory which has lately been so much discussed, and against which, notwithstanding the singular fascination it evidently possesses for some minds, the moral sense of a much larger number indignantly revolts, rightly apprehending that its establishment would be subversive of all morality. For, if the actions of men are governed by "eternal and immutable laws," men cannot be free agents; and where there is not free agency there cannot be moral responsibility. Nor are the apprehensions entertained on this score to be allayed by the answer, ingenious as it is, which has been given to them² by one of the ablest and most judicious apologists for the new creed. It is true that human actions can be said to be "governed" only in the same metaphorical sense as that in which we speak of the laws of nature, which do not really govern anything, but merely describe the invariable order in which natural phenomena have been observed to occur. It is true that the discovery of invariable regularity in human affairs,

¹ Mr. Buckle's first chapter, *passim*.

² *Cornhill Magazine*, for June and July, 1861.

supposing such a discovery to have been made, would not prove that there was any necessity for such regularity. It is conceivable that the orbs of heaven may be intelligent beings, possessing full power to change or to arrest their own course, and moving constantly in the same orbits merely because it pleases them to do so. Invariable regularity, therefore, would be perfectly consistent with free agency. All this is perfectly just, but it is also altogether beside the question. The offence given by the writers on whose behalf the apology is set up consists not so much in their asserting that there are, as in their insisting that there must be, uniformity and regularity in human affairs; or, as Mr. Buckle expresses it, that social phenomena "are the results of large and general causes which, working on the aggregate of society, *must* produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of the particular men of whom the society is composed." Now, though free agency may co-exist with invariable regularity, it obviously cannot co-exist with necessary regularity, which, consequently, is incompatible likewise with moral responsibility. If men are compelled by the force of circumstances, or by any force, to move only in one direction, they cannot be responsible for not moving in a different direction. Nor is it more to the purpose to enter into a subtle analysis of the true nature of causation, and to explain that it does not, properly speaking, involve compulsion, but simply means invariable antecedence. It may be that a cannon-ball does not really knock down the wall against which it strikes, and that it would be more correct to say that the ball impinges and the wall falls; though, seeing that the wall would not have fallen unless the ball had impinged, the distinction is too nice for ordinary apprehension. But causation, as understood by the joint headmasters of the new school, does involve compulsion. "Men's actions," say they, "are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents," and "result from large and general causes which

"must produce certain consequences." Neither, if this be so, is it of any avail to suggest that, possibly, the large and general causes in question may be of only temporary operation. It may be that the springs, whatever they are, by which the universe is kept in motion, may require to be periodically wound up like the works of a clock, and that, unless this be done, "on some particular day out of many billions," the sun may fail to rise, just as the clock, if suffered to run down, must stop on the eighth day. The conjecture would, of course, be not less applicable to social than to natural laws. It is conceivable that the large general causes assumed to regulate human actions might lose their efficacy at the end of a certain cycle. Still, if the causes, as long as they remained in operation, possessed a compulsory character—if, during the continuance of the supposed cycle, men were bound to act in a certain way in accordance with certain laws, and irrespectively of their own volition—what would it matter that those laws were not eternal and immutable?

It is clear, then, that the principles to which we have been adverting would, if established, be really subversive of morality, inasmuch as they are incompatible with free agency, without which there can be no responsibility. The soundness of a doctrine does not, however, depend upon its tendencies; and Mr. Buckle was fully warranted in demanding that his views should be examined with reference, not at all to their consequences, but solely and exclusively to their truth.

In order that he might be able to prove the possibility of a Science of History, Mr. Buckle asked no more than the following concessions: "That, when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the results of some antecedents, and that therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate

"results." Now, there is certainly nothing in these demands which may not be unhesitatingly conceded. As there can be no effect without a cause, so there can be no action without a motive: the motive or motives of an action are the product of all the conditions and circumstances among which the agent is placed—which conditions and circumstances, again, must have been brought about by antecedent events. The same circumstances would indeed differently affect persons of different mental constitutions and characters; but the original constitution of a man's mind is itself the product of antecedent events, as is also any subsequent modification of character which it may have undergone. It cannot be denied then that men's motives are the results of antecedents. Equally undeniable is it that a knowledge of all the antecedents and of all the laws of their movements would enable us to foresee their results. But what if there be no such laws? What if, on the showing of Mr. Buckle himself and of his associates, there neither are nor can be?

The true nature of a scientific law has never been better explained than by the writer already quoted as Mr. Buckle's dexterous apologist. A scientific law is not an ordinance, but a record. It simply professes to describe the order in which certain phenomena have been observed uniformly to recur. It differs from a legislative enactment, in that the one would be a law although it were never obeyed, whereas the other would cease to be a law if one single exception to its statement could be pointed out. Thus the Act of Parliament enjoining the registration of births, would be equally a law although no births were ever registered; whereas the law, that in a body moving in consequence of pressure the momentum generated is in proportion to the pressure, would entirely forfeit its legal character if, on any one occasion or in any circumstances, momentum were generated in any other proportion. It is essential, then, to the existence of a scientific law that there should be uni-

formity of phenomena. But in human affairs uniformity is impossible. No doubt, in exactly the same circumstances exactly the same events must happen; but exactly the same aggregation of circumstances cannot possibly be repeated. Such repetition is inconsistent with the very theory, which is based on the assumption that the repetition is continually happening.

"In the moral as well as the physical world" there are, say the exponents of the new theory, not only "invariable rule" and "inevitable sequence," but "irresistible growth" and "continual advance." In other words, things can never be twice in precisely the same condition—never, at least, within the same cycle. It has, indeed, been suggested that there may be in human affairs the same sort of regularity as is observed by the hands of a clock; and that, as the latter, at the end of every twenty-four hours, recommence the movement which they have just concluded, so at the end of, say, "every ten thousand years," all the same events which have been happening throughout the period may begin to happen over again in the same order as before. But, even on this uncomfortable hypothesis, there could be no regularity of occurrences within the same cycle; no clue as to the future could be obtained from investigation of the past. On the contrary, the only certainty would then, as now, be that no combination of events which had happened once could happen again, as long as the existing order of things continued. The inference here follows necessarily from the premisses. If there be continual advance—if things are constantly moving forward—they cannot remain in the same state; and if not in the same state, they cannot produce the same effects. For, if it be obvious, on the one hand, that precisely the same causes must invariably produce the same results, it is equally evident, on the other, that the same results cannot be reproduced except by the same causes. If causes calculated to bring about certain phenomena undergo either augmentation

or diminution, there must be a corresponding change in the phenomena. Now, effects cannot be identical with their causes, and, in the moral world, effects once produced become in turn causes, acting either independently or in conjunction with pre-existing causes. They become in turn the antecedents spoken of by Mr. Buckle, from which spring the motives of human conduct. But, as all such antecedents must necessarily differ from all former antecedents, they must also give rise to motives, must be followed by actions, and must bring about combinations of circumstances, differing from any previously experienced. Thus, in human affairs, there can be no recurrence either of antecedents or of consequences; and, as a scientific law is simply a record of the uniform recurrence of consequences, it follows that in human affairs there can be no scientific laws.

It will be understood that human conduct, and the circumstances or causes which influence it, are here spoken of in the aggregate. It is not pretended that particular causes or circumstances may not continue permanently in operation, though with an influence modified by the concomitance of fresh circumstances, or that they may not continue to produce consequences differing from their former consequences not more than in proportion to the modification undergone by the causes. Still less is it pretended that certain human phenomena, with which human motives have little or nothing to do, may not be repeated once and again, notwithstanding the important changes constantly going on in every human society. It is not denied that marriages may continue for years together to bear much the same annual proportion to population, provided that during those years there be no material change in the amount of the economical obstacles which commonly interfere, more than anything else, with men's natural inclination to marry. Still less is it denied that, in a given number of births, the number of girls may always preserve nearly the same superiority over that of boys, or that the

proportion between red-haired and light-haired children may generally be about the same, or that the percentage of letters misdirected in a given country may vary little during long periods. But, in the first of these cases, men do not get married, as Mr. Buckle imagined, irrespectively of their volition. If, for several years together, marriages continue to bear about the same proportion to population, it is because during that period circumstances continue to present a certain amount, and no more, of opposition to men's volition. In the other cases, it is not at all because the parents wish it that a girl is born instead of a boy, or with flaxen hair instead of carrots; neither is it from any motive or intention that letters are often misdirected, but, on the contrary, from want of thought, and from the carelessness and haste with which letter-writing, like most other human actions, is, unfortunately, too often performed. But, before assuming that this carelessness and haste bear an invariable proportion to numbers, we should inquire whether the proportion of misdirected letters is the same in all human societies—the same, for instance, in France and Spain as in England. If not—if varying circumstances produce different results in this respect in different countries—it may be inferred that a variation of circumstances may produce a difference of result in the same country. It will, at any rate, be clear that there is no “necessary and invariable order” in which letters are misdirected. In one sense, indeed, it may be said that the proportion of misdirected letters depends upon “the state of society,” if by that expression be meant, among other things, the numerical proportion which individuals of different characters and habits bear to each other. In that sense, we may accept some far more startling propositions. We may partly admit that the state of society determines the number of murders and suicides, if by this be simply meant that the number of murders and suicides committed will depend upon the number of persons whose characters have been so moulded

by circumstances as to dispose them to put an end to their own or other people's lives. But Mr. Buckle, by whom the assertion was made, was careful to explain that his meaning was the very reverse of what is here supposed. Speaking of suicide, he declares it to be "a general law that, in a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives;" adding that "the question as to who shall commit the crime depends upon special laws," and that "the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances." In other words, it is not the amount of crime that depends upon the number of persons prepared to commit it; it is the number of criminals which depends upon the amount of crime that must needs be committed. "Murder," he elsewhere says, "is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the relations of the seasons." "The uniform reproduction of crime is more clearly marked, and more capable of being predicted, than are the physical laws connected with the disease and destruction of our bodies. The offences of men are the result not so much of the vices of individual offenders, as of the state of society into which the individuals are thrown."

There is here so much looseness and inconsistency of language, that what is most offensive in it may easily bear more than one interpretation: and the shocking dogma that, in a given state of society, the force of circumstances constrains the commission of a certain amount of crime, may possibly admit of being explained away and softened down into the comparatively harmless proposition that, where all the circumstances, conditions or causes required for the commission of a certain amount of crime are present, that amount of crime will certainly be committed. But what is most provoking in Mr. Buckle is the heedlessness or wantonness with which he is constantly insisting that the causes in question are necessarily present and

uniformly acting. What he calls the uniform reproduction of crime is likened by him to the uniform recurrence of the tides. According to him, it is a law that a certain number of suicides shall take place annually, just as it is a law that there shall be high and low water twice in every twenty-four hours. Now a law, as the word is here used, means a record of invariable repetitions of phenomena. Has it been observed, then, that suicides bear, we will not say an invariable, but anything like a definite proportion to population? Mr. Buckle thinks it has, and he adduces some facts in support of the opinion; but his facts, properly understood, disprove instead of proving what he asserts; and, even if they proved it, they would yet afford no support to his main theory.

In London, for some years past—how many is not stated—about 240 persons annually have made away with themselves—sometimes a few more, sometimes a few less—the highest number having been 266 in 1846, and the lowest 213 in 1849. But, while the number of suicides has thus been nearly stationary, population has been anything but stationary in the metropolitan district, but has advanced with vast and unremitting strides at an average rate of nearly 43,000 a-year. In 1841 it was 1,948,369, in 1851, 2,361,640, and in 1861, 2,803,989. The proportion of suicide to population has consequently been by no means uniform, but has varied exceedingly, and on the whole has shown a constant tendency to decrease. But even if it had continued uniform, it would simply have shown that, during a certain number of years, the general character of Londoners had, in certain particulars, undergone no material change. It would not have proved that the regularity of suicide observable among Londoners was in accordance with any general law. To prove this it would have been necessary to show that the proportion had been uniform, not only in the same but in all societies—in Paris as well as in London, among the Esquimaux of Labrador and among the Negroes of Soudan. For, if the proportion were found to vary by reason

of the differing circumstances of different societies, it would plainly be seen to be at least susceptible of variation in the same society, inasmuch as in no society do circumstances remain the same from generation to generation. So equally with murders. Even if there were no doubt that the percentage of such crimes in England had long continued the same, still that fact would prove nothing as to the uniform retrodution of crime, if it could be shown that the percentage had ever varied anywhere else—in France or Italy for example, or in Dahomey. For it would be mere childishness to point to the different conditions of England and Dahomey, and to plead that no more was intended to be said than that, with uniformity of circumstances, there would also be uniformity of results. So much no one, in the least competent to discuss the subject, would for a moment dream of disputing. But in political affairs there cannot be uniformity of circumstances. The aggregate of circumstances from which spring human motives cannot, from the nature of things, ever be repeated; and, though a few general causes may continue permanently in operation, they cannot continue to produce the same identical results; for even though they could themselves remain stationary, it would be impossible that their operation should not be affected by the constant change going on around, or should not partake of an otherwise universal forward movement. In political affairs there cannot possibly be any recurrence of identical phenomena; nor can there, except within a very limited period, be any occurrence of very similar phenomena. But recurrence, (and not merely recurrence, but complete and invariable recurrence) is the very foundation of science. Without it there can be no scientific laws, and without such laws—*i.e.*, without records of past recurrences—there can be no predictions as to the future.

There is nothing in this conclusion in the slightest degree opposed to the most approved doctrine of causation. No effect can be without a cause. No doubt, then, the law of invariable causation holds good of human volitions.

No doubt the volitions and consequently the actions of men are the joint results of the external circumstances amid which men are placed, and of their own characters; which again are the results of circumstances, natural and artificial. So much must needs be admitted, and something more besides. Certain causes will infallibly be succeeded by certain effects. From any particular combination of circumstances, certain determinate consequences and no others will result; those again will give rise to consequences equally determinate, and those in turn to others, and so on in an infinite series. It follows, then, from the law of causation, that there is a determinate course already, as it were, traced out, which human events will certainly follow to the end of time; every step of which course, however remote, might now be foreseen and predicted by adequate, that is to say by infinite, intelligence. Infinite intelligence would do this, however, not by the aid of law, but by virtue of its own intrinsic and unassisted strength, where-with it would perceive how each succeeding combination of causes would operate. For, as cannot be too often repeated, a law is merely a record of recurrences; and in human affairs there can be no recurrences of the same aggregate either of causes or results. There being then no historic laws, there can be no Science of History, for science cannot exist without laws. The historic prescience, which is an attribute of Infinite Intelligence, not being regulated by law, or at any rate not by any law except that of causation, is not, technically speaking, a science, and even if it were, would be utterly beyond the reach of human intellect and attainable only by Infinite Wisdom.

The admission made in the last paragraph has cleared the way for the introduction of a question, from which the subject under discussion derives its principal interest, and which it is indispensable therefore carefully, though briefly, to examine. If there be certain determinate lines of conduct which men will infallibly pursue throughout all

succeeding generations, how can men be free agents? How—for it is merely the old puzzle over again—how can foreknowledge be reconciled with freewill? The difficulty is not to be got rid of by discrediting the reality of freewill, and treating it as a thing for which there is no evidence. When Johnson silenced Boswell's chatter with the words, "Sir, we know our will is free and there's an end on't," he expressed a great truth in language not the less philosophically accurate on account of its colloquial curtness. The consciousness possessed by an agent about to perform an act, that he is at liberty to perform it or not, is really conclusive evidence that the act is free. For it matters not a jot whether consciousness be "an independent faculty," or whether—as, Mr. Buckle reminds us, "is the opinion of some of the ablest thinkers"—it be not merely "a state or condition of the mind." If consciousness be a condition of the mind, so also is perception; but perception, whatever else it be, is also that which makes us acquainted with external phenomena, just as consciousness is that which makes us acquainted with internal emotions. The two informants, it is true, are not equally trustworthy. Perception often deceives us, but consciousness never. We cannot fancy we are glad when we are not glad, or sorry when we are not sorry, or hopeful when in despair; and to pretend that we can possibly be conscious of willing when we are not willing, would be as absurd as to meet the *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes, with the reply that, perhaps, we do not really think, but only think we think.

Freewill, then, being an indisputable reality, how can it be reconciled with foreknowledge? There can be no more conclusive way of showing that the two things are capable of coexisting than to point to an example of their actual co-existence, and such an example is afforded by the idea of Infinite Power. Omnipotence, which by its nature implies freewill, comprehends also Omniscience. Omnipotence can do anything whatsoever which does not involve a contradiction; but even Omnipotence can do nothing

which Omniscience does not foresee. It can, indeed, do whatsoever it pleases; but Omniscience foresees precisely what it will be pleased to do. With unbounded liberty to choose any course of action, it can yet choose no course which has not been foreseen; but its freedom of choice is evidently not affected by the fact that the choice which it will make is known beforehand. Neither is that of man. A wayfarer, with a yawning precipice before his eyes, may or may not, as he pleases, cast himself down headlong. Whether he will do so or not is, and always has been, positively foreknown; but that fact in no degree affects his power of deciding for himself. Still it is obvious that, in this instance also, foreknowledge is based entirely on causation. It is solely because human volitions take place as inevitable effects of antecedent causes that Omniscience itself can be conceived as capable of foreseeing them. Human volitions are free. Man is free to will of his good pleasure; but, nevertheless, what he may be prompted to will depends on the influence which the circumstances among which he is placed may exercise upon the constitution and character which he has derived from pre-existing circumstances. This combination of circumstances, however, acts, not as Mr. Buckle contends, irrespectively of human volitions, but by and through them; or rather, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, that it creates the volitions which constitute man a free agent. But can man be a free agent? Can his will be free, if that will be moulded and shaped by circumstances over which he has no control? It might be replied that the formation of a man's character is not altogether beyond his control; but a more complete and conclusive answer to the question may be obtained by referring to the preceding illustration. It is manifest that there cannot be omnipotence without boundless liberty. Omnipotence, therefore, necessarily implies the completest freedom of will. Yet even the will of omnipotence—even (be it said with reverence) the Divine will—is not exempt from the

universal law of causation. Its movements are not unmeaning, purposeless, wayward; they, too, have their appropriate springs, and proceed by regular process from legitimate causes,—the chief of those causes being the infinite perfection of the Divine nature. Does man, in order to believe himself free, require more freedom than his Maker?

The fact then that human conduct, being subject to the law of causation, may by adequate intelligence be predicted in its minutest details until the end of time, by no means proves that it is regulated by invariable laws, which act irrespectively of human volitions. There is no one living to whom such a doctrine—degrading man, as it does, into a helpless puppet, robbing him of all moral responsibility and of every motive either for exertion or for self-control—can be more utterly repugnant than to Mr. Mill, who nevertheless, although dissenting from Mr. Buckle's more extreme opinions, makes use of some expressions which may be construed into a qualified approval of his general views. Even Mr. Mill speaks of "human volitions as depending on scientific laws," thereby implying that the circumstances from which human motives and, consequently, human actions result are continually recurring with a certain regularity. He speaks of "general laws affecting communities, which are indeed modified in their action by special causes affecting individuals, but which, if their effects could be observed over a field sufficiently wide and for a period sufficiently long to embrace all possible combinations of the special causes, would be found to produce constant results."¹ This proposition seems to proceed on the assumption that general causes are either of uniform operation, or that, if they vary in their effects, their variations, and also those of special causes, occur with a certain regularity, and constantly recur within a certain definite period. But this is precisely what cannot possibly happen. Among the general causes referred to, some few

are continuous—those, namely, which are inherent in human nature; but even these are continually modified in their action by changes continually taking place in those other general causes which constitute the existing state of society, and which are not merely continually changing, but are continually becoming more and more different from what they were originally. So much is fully admitted by Mr. Mill himself, and indeed can be scarcely more strongly enforced than by his own words. "There is a progressive change," he says, "both in the character of the human race, and in their outward circumstances, so far as moulded by themselves; in each successive age the principal phenomena of society are different from what they were in the age preceding, and still more different from any previous age."² It is admitted, then, that there can be no recurrence of social phenomena; and it is obvious that, the longer the period of observation, the less possibility can there be of their recurring, since the greater is the certainty that new causes will come into operation. But, even though it were possible that all the external circumstances which have once influenced either communities or individuals could be repeated, the same circumstances could not a second time produce the same effects. Men of different characters are affected in very different ways by the same influences, and the characters of any particular generation of men are always very different from those of every preceding generation. Let it be supposed, for the sake of argument, that the French of the present day could be placed in precisely the same social condition in which their fathers were towards the close of the last century, still they would act very differently from their fathers. Nay, even though they should, with one single exception, have inherited the dispositions of their fathers, the difference of character in one single individual might suffice to give an entirely new turn to the course of events. If every other antecedent of the first French Revolution were again present, still there might be no second

¹ Mill's Logic. Fifth Edition. Vol. ii. p. 527.

No. 43.—VOL. VIII.

² Mill's Logic, vol. ii. p. 504.

revolution, provided only that, instead of another Louis the Sixteenth, a Leopold of Belgium were king. With a John Lawrence on the throne (supposing it to be in the nature of things that so much energy and administrative capacity could be born in the purple), there would assuredly be no repetition of that vacillation of purpose which rocked the cradle and fostered the growth of popular fury till it culminated in a Reign of Terror. Since, then, there cannot be either a repetition of the same circumstances to act upon men, or a reproduction of the same sort of men to be acted upon by circumstances, human conduct can never exhibit a repetition of the same phenomena; experience of the past can never, in social or political affairs, furnish a formula for predictions as to the future. Accordingly Mr. Mill, in common with Mr. Stephen, disclaims the idea of positive, and pleads only for conditional, predictions. But the very term "conditional predictions" involves a contradiction, since it is obviously impossible to see beforehand what perhaps may never come to pass. What is meant by the phrase is really nothing more than conjectures; and conjectures, however ingenious and reasonable, cannot be admitted within the pale of science.

With the view of enhancing the value of conditional predictions, it has been urged that they are of precisely the same description as those which we are in the habit of hazarding with respect to our familiar acquaintance. There are, it is said, "general maxims regarding human conduct, by the application of which to given states of fact, predictions may be made as to what will happen;" and all that is necessary for the construction of historical science, is the employment of these maxims on a larger scale. If the premiss here be sound, the inference may be owned to be sufficiently legitimate. If there be any formula with which the actions of individuals are observed to correspond, there is every likelihood that the same formula may, by extension and amplification, be adapted to the actions of communities. But, although there are

plenty of maxims telling men what they ought to do, there is not one—except that which declares that they must all die—which affords any positive information as to what they will do. "Thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not commit adultery;"—all these and many more are moral laws; but of not one of them—the more's the pity—is the observance sufficiently regular, to give it the smallest pretension to be styled a scientific law. General propositions, too, there are in abundance, representing with more or less accuracy the probable results of particular lines of conduct. Such are the proverbial sayings, that "Honesty is the best policy," that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," that "The racecourse is the road to ruin." But adages like these were never supposed to afford any basis for prophecy. It may be that an honest man more commonly gets on in the world than a knave, though there is also much to be said on behalf of the counter-proposition, that "The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" but, at any rate, there is no doubt that a man may be honest without being prosperous, and that he is often all the poorer for his probity. But, indeed, is there any one conceivable situation in life in which a positive rule can be laid down as to the course which men will follow? Can it even—to make use of an illustration which has been very effectively employed on the other side—can it even be said that a man will certainly marry a woman with whom he is deeply in love, who returns his affection, whom he can marry if he likes, and whom he has the means of maintaining in a suitable manner? Nine times out of ten he probably will; but in the tenth instance a Brahmin's passion may be checked by fear of contamination with a Pariah, or a King Cophtua's pride may prevent his wedding a beggar-maid, or the titled owner of an entailed estate may decline to illegitimatize his offspring by espousing his deceased wife's sister, or betrothed lovers may be parted by some such mysterious

barrier as sprang up between Talbot Bulstrode and Aurora Floyd, or an Adam Bede, in spite of the example set by George Eliot's hero, may refrain from marrying Dinah for fear of breaking his brother Seth's heart.

Equally vain would be the search for any rule invariably applicable to political affairs. Even general propositions which sound like truisms are not universally true. It cannot even be said that misgovernment always produces discontent, or that the combination of superior strength and superior strategy is always successful in war; for examples might be cited of nations remaining patient under an iron despotism, and perhaps also of campaigns lost by armies with every advantage of skill, numbers, and discipline on their side. No better specimen can be given of what are popularly spoken of as historical laws than one propounded by Mr. C. Merivale, whose careful study of Roman annals has taught him to regard it as "a condition of permanent dominion that conquerors should absorb the conquered gradually into their own body, by extending, as circumstances arise, a share in their own exclusive privileges to the masses from whom they have torn their original independence." The principle thus laid down is of great value, but it must not be mistaken for an index pointing unerringly to a goal which will certainly be obtained by following its direction. At least the offer of Austrian citizenship has as yet had no perceptible effect in overcoming the exclusiveness of Hungarian nationality; nor can it be expected to have more effect in inducing Venetia to become a willing member of a Teutonic Federation, and to lend the same assistance to the House of Hapsburg, as Gaul and Spain did to the Cæsars, in suppressing insurrection on the banks of the Danube. History supplies many principles similar to the one evolved by Mr. Merivale, all more or less useful for the guidance of the statesman. So far as they are just, they indicate the results which would spring from the adoption of certain lines of policy, unless some-

thing unforeseen should happen. It is true that something unforeseen is almost sure to happen and to divert or impede the course which events would otherwise take; but still, it is most important to be able to perceive clearly the influence exerted by certain causes, how much soever that influence may be disturbed by other causes; since, if it does nothing else, it will at least prevent the disturbing causes from producing what would otherwise have been their full effect. On principles which indicate only a few out of many causes in simultaneous operation, it is evident that nothing deserving to be called predictions can be founded; but from them, nevertheless—inasmuch as they teach that some causes act for good and others for evil, as far as their action extends—practical rules of government may be deduced. Such rules however, which at best can only furnish a loose and shifting basis for doubtful conjectures, stand without the confines of positive knowledge; they occupy a middle-ground between science and nescience, and constitute what, until very lately, was thought to be designated with sufficient distinctness as the "Philosophy of History." By that term, Mr. Stephen in one place says, is really meant all that he ever meant by the Science of History; and the observation, were it not apparently inconsistent with his general reasoning, might seem to imply that the only question between him and his opponents is whether a thing the existence of which is not disputed ought or ought not to receive a new appellation. But it is otherwise, at any rate, with Mr. Mill. The language used by him on this as on all other subjects, is too clear and precise to admit of its being supposed that he has used a new phrase without attaching to it a new signification, or to permit the writer of this article to believe, as he fain would do, that a point of nomenclature is the only point of difference between himself and one from whom it is impossible to differ without diffidence and self-distrust, and whom of all living men he most respects and admires.

THE FAIRY PRINCE WHO ARRIVED TOO LATE.

Too late for love, too late for joy,
 Too late, too late!
 You loitered on the road too long,
 You trifled at the gate:
 The enchanted dove upon her branch
 Died without a mate;
 The enchanted princess in her tower
 Slept—died behind the grate;
 Her heart was starving all this while
 You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
 One year ago,
 Even then you had arrived in time,
 Though somewhat slow.
 The frozen fountain would have leaped,
 The buds gone on to blow,
 The warm south wind would have
 awaked
 To melt the snow,
 And life have been a cordial "Yes,"
 Instead of dreary "No."

Is she fair now as she lies?
 Once she was fair;
 Meet queen for any kingly king
 With gold-dust on her hair.
 Now those are poppies in her locks,
 White poppies she must wear;
 Must wear a veil to shroud her face
 And the want graven there:
 Or is the hunger fed at length,
 Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile
 Or with a frown;
 Her bed seemed never soft to her,
 Though tossed of down;
 She little heeded what she wore,
 Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
 We think her white brows often ached
 Beneath her crown,
 Till silvery hairs showed in her locks
 That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste:
 Her tones were sweet
 And modulated just so much
 As it was meet:
 Her heart sat silent through the noise
 And concourse of the street.
 There was no hurry in her hands,
 No hurry in her feet;
 There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
 That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
 Wasting upon her bed:
 But wherefore should you weep to-day
 That she is dead?
 So, we who love weep not to-day,
 But crown her royal head.
 Let be these poppies that we strew,
 Your roses are too red:
 Let be these poppies, not for you
 Cut down and spread.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

RARIORA OF OLD POETRY.

BY WILLIAM BARNES, AUTHOR OF "POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT,"
 "PHILOLOGICAL GRAMMAR," ETC.

It was the opinion of Dr. Brown, author of the "History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry," as conceived from a description given of the entertainments of the Iroquois and Hurons, by Father Lafitau, that the dramatic and odic poetry of the Greeks, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, or with verse and chorus,

was a natural growth from the song-dances of savage life. His opinion would have been confirmed if he had gathered what is now known of the song-dances of other tribes in America, Polynesia, or Africa.

The ring was the form most readily taken by a crowd of onlookers at an

open piece of action, as it is that taken by children round a tumbler, or by men round a match at boxing. But, while our tumblers and boxers answer to the single *dramatis personæ* of dramatic poetry, it is a rather open question, whether the chorus arose from a musician, like the piper, aiding the drama, or was at first the body of bystanders. Dr. Brown thinks that the chorus, in its original state, was indeed the audience who surrounded the narrator or actor, and answered him, at every pause, with shouts of triumph, approbation, or dislike. Among the Tonga men, in the time of Captain Cook, a trained chorus of many men was set in the middle of the ring, and played music, or sang words in answer to the performers. It was so in a performance of twenty women who sang a soft air with graceful limb-actions, followed by a brisk dance, and were answered in the same tone by the chorus. In another Tonga song-dance, the chorus sang at one time with the bands of performers, and at others in answer to them—though, in one of the song-dances, the whole body of performers was sundered into two choirs, each with a choragus, and, after a match of song between the two choragi, there was another of strophes with the two sides. Of the Kafir wedding-dance, a friend has told us that it begins with the bridegroom, who comes forth to the middle of the ring, and seems to try, by sundry figures, to fascinate his chosen; after which the company of the ring begin a dance, with song in praise of the bridegroom, the girl then coming out in her dance, which is again followed by a dance of the ring of bystanders or chorus, who sing in praise of the bride. The song of the company is usually ruled by a choragus, who is a man of good bearing, fine voice, and ready skill. In the war-dance, the *dramatis personæ* are chiefs, and their warriors mostly make up the chorus, and dance, “with wooden imitations of their weapons.”

In all these song-dances we have the elements of dramatic and odic poetry—the dance, as the poetry of motion; *tune*,

as the sweet measure of time; and *song*, as the tale of the piece. We have here also, as we have in other cases, enough to warrant the saying that extremes meet; for, after we rise up through the sundry forms of music, we reach at last the opera, which is the nearest likeness of the song-dance of the savage. So when we have been brought to the highest forms of civilization, we find that the greatest joy of even our princes is the pursuit of the savage-hunting; and, as high skill is shown by the Nimrod of the townless wild, so we are told by Captain Cook that, in a song-dance of Tonga men, a choragus delivered his song “with an air so graceful as might put to the blush our most applauded performers.”

A trained chorus must have come into the song-dance of savages at a very early time, for we find that the time of their turns, and the measure of their songs and shiftings of their figures, are so true that they must be as well known to their performers as the figures of a quadrille are known in the best dancing of our ball-rooms. Father Laftau writes that some of the songs of the American tribes were so old that, often, the singers did not understand what they said; and Mariner tells us that the song-dances of Tonga are of sundry kinds, often marked by sundry names, and some of them with Hamoan songs, as clearly requiring to be learnt beforehand as the words of an Italian drama requires to be learnt by an English or German singer on the boards of an opera-house.

A note to the Pindar of Benedictus (1620) says, that the dancers of the lyric song-dance took one turn (strophe) from right to left, with the sun, and then a return (antistrophe) from the left to the right, with the planets from west to east, while the epode was sung in a stationary posture, answering to the steadfastness of the earth. Dr. Brown, however, would not go to the stars for the turn and return of the dance, but holds that the reverse wheel of the antistrophe was “for the plain reason of preventing giddiness, which ariseth from “running round in the same circle.”

From an insight into these song-dances, we can understand why music and bardship held so high a place among men. In many of them, as in the war-dance of the Kafirs, the *dramatis personæ* were kings; and two of the Tonga dances are performed only by tribe-heads and nobles. And, since the songs of these dances held forth to the minds of youth the highest lore of the time—as in the poem of Hesiod, and in some of those of the old scalds of the North—or quickened their minds by patterns of bravery and generosity, or some kind of great-mindedness, so, while the three Graces of the drama, Dance, Tune and Song, kept the ring pure as a school of good training, bardship held a high place in the state. The art was, like man himself, leaning to lower aims, *prona in deterius*, though wise men and bards themselves—as the British bards by their canons of bardship—did their best to preserve it as an instrument of good; but, the more it degenerated, the less honour had the bard even of high-aiming song. Thus, whereas, in the time of Hoel Dda, the social rank of the bard was near that of the king, now, when the muse has been so often pandered to the low tastes which she ought to have refined, the place of the poet is only where he can hold himself by his birth, his wealth, or his earnings.

From the song-dance came much of our poetic word-store. A *verse*—*versus* (verto)—answers to the Greek *strophe*, or *turn*, in the ring-dance; a *foot* is the measure of one step; and the word *stanza* means a stopping, as at the end of a turn. So the *burden* or short chorus of the old song was, in its first use, a short answer of the ring-singers—as, indeed, its name in British would seem to show; since the Welsh *Byrdon* (Byr-ton) means the short strain, as an answer to the longer strophe.

The burden of the Norse song, "The Death-Song of Lodbrock," is *Hiuggom ver med hiaerri*—"We hewed with our swords"—on till the last verse; before which the burden is, "*Now let us cease our song*," which shows that the song of the

ring soon became a rote-learned poem, with both the tale-singer and chorus. Mr. Johnstone, an editor of the Death-Song, says that some learned Icelanders understood, with him, that the poem was of the kind called *Twi-saungr* (Twi-songs); and he thinks the picture more interesting if we conceive Lodbrock amid his warriors, who, animated by their own share in his victories, strike up at intervals, "We hewed with our swords!" The Voluspa, with most of the other old sagas, has a chorus-burden; and so, as I am told by a friend, has the Finnish epic, "*Kalewala*," of which a version has lately been printed in German. And, as Mr. Johnstone writes, "In the triple chorus of Tyrtaeus, a war-song for war—use, the infirmities of age were forgotten by the Spartan veterans, while they sung to the youths—"

"Ἀμειν ποκ' ἤμεις ἄλκιμοι νεανίας.

"We were once brave youths."

When, in the British school of song, the bards had been bred in it by years of training, the crowd of the ring would be hardly a match for them in the epic poem; and it is not easy to perceive whether, in the warrior's triplet (*triban milwr*), the oldest form of bardic poetry that has come down to us, there was a strain for a chorus, either trained or untrained.

In the old Druid song, "Marchwial Bedw," the third line of each of the nine verses is a didactic kind of burden, which might have been taken up by the people:—

"Snow on hills, with tree-boughs hoar,
Loud the whistling storm-winds roar,
Nature helps us more than lore.

"Snow on hills, and white are all
House-roofs; ravens hoarsely call.
From much sleep the gain is small.

"Snow on hills, for fish the weir;
Dells are haunted by the deer;
Idle for the dead's the tear," &c.

Whether or not the thoroughbred bard, who was forbidden to handle some low kinds of song, took up the twi-song of the Scalds, it is clear, from old songs of the Welsh, that the chorus was known in their more homely minstrelsy. "Ar

hyd y nos," "Throughout the night," is a chorus in an old Welsh song; as is another burden—"Hob y derie dando," "Swine of the oak-grove below." To an old English song there hangs a burden:

"Hai down, ho! down, derry, derry down,
All among the leaves so green, O!"

the first line of which, though in English it means nothing, seems to be, and may be, the burden of a Druid song:

"*Hai, dewen.* Haste, let us come.
Ho, dewen. Ho! let us come.

Dyre, dyre, dewen. Move on, move on.
Let us come," &c.

A yearning for the time-beating dance shows itself in the case of the old Welsh staff-minstrel, who recited poems in the halls of the great, and beat time with his staff. So the Tonga men, in the Lave, a kind of danceless singing, kept time with a clapping or motion of the hands; and it is noteworthy that, by the side of the dramatic song-dances, the Tonga men have two kinds of danceless singing—the Lave, and also the Hiva—without even clapping of hands. Thus we may believe that the poem for the ring and the poem of the bench, such as that of our couplets, and the Welsh *Cywydd*, might have kept their place in Greece or in Britain at the same time.

On the decline of the Roman Empire and the wide diffusion of Christianity, the Latin muse took up godly themes from the Bible, and there was a succession of Christian Latin and Greek poets for several hundreds of years.

Appollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, in the time of Theodosius the elder, who is said to have been more skilled in poetry than rhetoric, wrote Latin versions of the Psalms of David; and Damasus, Bishop of Rome, under the same emperor, wrote short poems in praise of some of the saints. Aurelius Prudentius was a consular man and a Christian, under Theodosius and his sons, and wrote, in hexameter verse, "The Soul-fight" (*Psychomachia*), on the war between the sins and graces in the soul, with poems in praise of some of the saints, and hymns

in sundry short and rather pretty metres. In the Morning Hymn is the thought that—

"None can always sin in sight
Of that wide-looking witness, light."

In the fifth century the harp of Christian song was taken up by Prosper of Aquitaine, Bishop of Reggio, who wrote, among his many works, a poem on Providence, and one on Ingratitude, and a book of epigrams on Christian subjects, in hexameter and pentameter verse. The following rough version of an epigram on Pride will show his treatment of his themes:—

"Other vices than pride are all sinful from
sinning;
Other sins, beside pride, are not dark from
the light;
But pride worketh harm to the soul with
two weapons,
And equally sins in the wrong and the
right."

In the "Hymn before Meat" he sings in a metre of quantity, which I give in that of accent:—

"Whate'er I win, with my skill, or my hand;
What from the air, or the sea, or the land;
What may have grown, or have walked,
swum, or flown,
He made for mine, and myself for his own."

Proba Falconia was a Christian lady, the wife of Adelphus, a Roman proconsul, and was learned in Latin and Greek. She has been called the Christian Sappho. She wrote on Bible subjects, in six-feet verse, and in rather close imitation of the verse of Virgil. A glimpse of her treatment of Gospel subjects may be caught from the following rough version of some lines on the people following our Lord:—

"By street and by land-bounded road,
He walks on in His glory;
While houses and fields, wide around Him,
have pour'd out their people,
That line, all in wonder, and wordless,
the way of His footsteps;
And soul-smitten mothers, beside Him,
behold, with love-yearnings,
His grace, and His looks, and His words,
as He passes before them."

In the same century (about the fourth) Juvenius, a presbyter of Spain, wrote a long poem, in hexameter verse, on the

Gospel History; and Marius Victorinus also wrote one on the death of the Maccabees, under Antiochus, with some hymns. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, has left, among other pieces, some Natales, or birthday odes, or deathday odes, on Domnadius Felix, a bishop of Nola, the deathdays of saints being called by the early Christians their birthdays. In some hymns, of which I have only a Latin version, written by Synesius, bishop of Cyrene, he tries to define some of the mysteries of the Godhead, whom he calls

"The eternal mind without substance."

Of the Holy Trinity he speaks as

"Unity diffused in wonderful wise with a threefold night."

Another poetic light of the fifth century was Eudocia, the queen of the Emperor Theodosius the younger—a Christian lady with the highest graces of mind and body, who set some of the Gospel subjects to Homeric verse. Sidonius of Gaul, Bishop of Auvergne, was the writer of some epistles and panegyrics, in sundry metres, and of some epigrams, of which a playful one to his sister's husband, on his birthday, may be taken as a specimen:—

"I am warn'd by the nones of November,
 my birth-day again is approaching,
 And bid you to keep it with me;—
 as a summons you'll take my word.
 And bring on your wife along with you;
 come, both of you. Do not forget it.
 And, when the day comes the next year,
 I hope it will bring me a third."

Another Christian muse of the fifth century was Coelius Sedulius Scotus, who has left some hymns on the Works of God; and among them a hymn on Christ, which was sung in the Church at Christmas-tide and at the time of Epiphany. This hymn is alphabetic, or in four-line verses, beginning successively with the successive letters of the alphabet; as:—

"All who share our own day's light,
 All whose day is in our night,
 Let us sing our God the Lord,
 Son of man, and God the Word.
 Blest in immortality,
 He took dying life, to die.

Through His death, as man's own son,
 Man, his work, is not undone.

Child of man, He learnt to form
 Words with which he lull'd the storm," &c.

There is a remarkable case of alphabetic poetry, showing one of the uses of it, in the admirable type of the *Virtuous Woman*, in the Hebrew of the 31st chapter of the Book of Proverbs. It is a poem of twenty-two verses, beginning, in succession, with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; so that a Hebrew girl, who, in her training, should learn it by rote, could hardly leave out a line, nor put one in a wrong place.

Among the patristic poets was Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, in the eighth century. He wrote a Latin poem in praise of *Single Life*, and a set of epigrams on things that came in his way or into his mind; as on the nightingale, on a water-spring, a beaver, a nettle, and even on the daddy-long-legs (*tipula*); on a pair of bellows, "breathing without life;" on a file, "screaming without a voice;" on a pair of millstones, "alike in usefulness, but unlike in state;" and on a writing-pen, "passing, by quick course, over white fields, leaving a dark track on the shining ground."

An epigram, by Aldhelm, on the Moon, may be thus given in English:—

"I now, in common fates with ocean bound,
 Mete monthly times, with alternating round,
 When I from glory wane with shrinking side,
 The sea increases, with a rising tide;"

which shows that he imputed the tide to the moon.

On a father born blind:—

"To my son I gave on the gift of sight
 Which none had given me, thus born for night."

The Latin muse of the Church had not been stilled before divine strains were taken up in the tongues of other peoples gathered into her fold. Among these were the British and the Teutonic races, whose schools of poetry differed much from each other, and far wider from that of the Latin and Greek poets.

The early Teutonic school of poetry was marked not by quantity, or a mea-

sure of syllables, long and short, like the Greek and Latin, nor precisely by measures of accents, high and low, like our own, but by clipping-rhyme, with measures of emphases, or *loudings*, as we may call them; and, so far, it shows a likeness to the poetry of the Hebrew Bible.

The true rule of Teutonic clipping-rhyme was, that in a couplet there should be three *loudings*, two in one line and one in the other, and that they should begin with the same clipping; as:—

“A wellspring of water
Is wealth in the land.”

The strict rule of one kind of Norse or Icelandic verse is that the first line should be marked with two of the clippings, and the other with the third. But this rule does not always hold in old Saxon or English-Saxon verse—in which many couplets are over-rhymed, while others are under-rhymed; and in Norse there are verses of more than two lines with more repetitions of clipping-rhyme, and in some cases the clipping-rhyme is inverted, so that the first line has the one clipping, and the latter the two others. Thus in the legend of Saint Margaret, if we may write the words in new form:—

“And all that beset is
With sea and with sun.”

The following couplets are over-rhymed:—

“For I have to help
My high healand (Saviour) in heaven.”

“He wields through His will,
Winds and the waters.”

As cases of under-rhyming, we have from King Alfred's Boethius:—

“O thou shaper
Of the sheer (bright) stars,
Of heaven and earth,
Thou on thy high seat.”

The loudings may begin with sundry voicings (vowels) instead of clippings, and the low-toned breath-sounds between them may be few or many.

This Teutonic school of poetry is represented by the old Saxon Harmony of the Gospels; Judith's and Beowulf's

poems; as the Traveller's Song and the Battle of Finsburg; Cædmon's Paraphrase of the Old Testament; Cynewulf's Verses on the Advent of Christ; and King Alfred's version of the Verses of Orosius, a Roman of the fifth century, on the Consolations of Philosophy (Religion). It owns also sundry other writings of sundry times till Chaucer—such as the Legend of St. Margaret, lately printed by Mr. Cockayne, and the Vision of Piers Plowman, with the Soul's Reproach of the Body (as printed by Mr. Singer); in which luxurious ease is drawn, in an older form of words, as follows:—

“And thou satest on thy lench
Underlaid with thy bolster;
Thou castedst knee over knee,
Nor knewest thou thyself.”

In later times the old rules of clipping-rhyme were utterly slighted, and lines were over-rhymed, as we find in the Paradise of Dainty Devises, of the sixteenth century.

In the history of poetry, Langland's “Piers Plowman”—a work of about the same age as Chaucer's “Canterbury Tales”—is very interesting, as being of the outgoing Teutonic school, while Chaucer was a disciple of the in-coming Celtic one. It is amusing to see in Cooper's “Muses' Library” of pieces from old poets, how he stumbles at Langland's versification, into which he had not found any insight. “The worst writer, after Chaucer,” says the good man, “had some regard to measure, and “*never neglected rhymes*, whereas this “(Piers Plowman) is greatly defective “in both.”

“O Cooper, you caught not
The key to the verse.”

The Celtic school of poetry in bardship, owned, in early times, our breath-sound rhyme and metrical accent; and in later times took up a most refined form of clipping-rhyme (*cynghánedd*); and to this school of poetry, I think, we owe all that is good in versification, though not in substance, in the poetry of Europe, which has displaced the loose versification of Teutonic poetry and the un-

rhymed measures of quantity of the Greek and Latin school. We think no sweeter or more flowing verse has been written in English Cornwall than some of the bits of chain-rhyme in the Corn-oak Miracle Plays.

The skill of bardic verse is not perceived without the key which is found only by a careful weighing of verse with verse. The intensity with which Liwarch Hen stamps the unity of place, time, and theme, is shown in his poem on the death of Urien Reged. The poet wants to show what, soon after Urien's death, was the desolation of the site of his palace; and he begins every one of the first ten verses (warrior's triplets) with the words "Yr aelwyd hon" (This hearth); as :—

"Is not this hearth, where goats now feed?
Here chatt'ring tongues, with noisy speed,
Once talk'd around the yellow mead.

"Is not this hearth this day among
Tall nettles? Once here stood a throng
Of Owen's suitors all day long.

"Is not this hearth with grass o'erspread?
Ere noble Owen yet was dead,
The cauldron-heating flames were red.

"Is not this hearth where toadstools grow?
There Owen's warriors once did show
The sword-blade dreaded by the foe.

"Is not this hearth within a band
Of rushes? Once here blazed the brand,
And food was dealt with lib'ral hand.

"Is not this hearth below the thorn?
Here, ere it thus was left forlorn,
Did once pass round the mead's deep horn.

"Is not this hearth where emmets crawl?
Here blazed the torch upon the wall,
Around the crowded banquet-hall.

"Is not this hearth now cold among
Red sorrel-stems? Here once a throng
Of warriors drank with laugh and song.

"Is not this hearth, where swine have plough'd?
Here once bold warriors' tongues were loud,
As mead-cups pass'd among the crowd.

"Is not this hearth, where scrapes the hen?
No want was here among the men
Of brave Owen and Urien."

This ode shows, in the original, great skill in the taking in succession of the things that then marked the hearth with those that had marked it in happy times; and there is skill in the last triplet, in the contrast of the hen scratching for grains with the former fulness of the palace.

So in the ode on the death of Cynddylan, fourteen triplets begin with his name; sixteen with "Ystavel Cynddylan" (The room of Cynddylan); eleven with "Eryr Eli" (The eagle of Eli); seven with "Eglwysau Bara" (The Churches of Bara); and five with "Y trev wen" (The white town).

A very pretty kind of composition of Welsh poetry is the *Englyn*, or epigram of four lines, the form of which may be conceived from the following version:—*Englyn* by Cyndélw (1150) to the huntsmen of Llewelyn, Prince of Powys, on their giving him a stag which they had killed near his house.

"High is the hunter's call, wide fly—the
 blasts
Of horns, from sky to sky.
Llewelyn's horn, in war blown high,
Big-stemm'd, wide-bowl'd. Loud his cry."

It may not be known to all of our readers, that the old song, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" is a version of an old Cornish one, a bit of the small remaining quantity of Cornish verse:—

"Where are you going, little fair maid,
With your rosy cheeks, and your golden
 hair?
I am going a-milking, sir, she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens
 fair."

Which last line, on the use of a decoction of strawberry-leaves, as a cosmetic, is a burden to each verse.

POPULAR TALES OF DENMARK.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

CHIEFLY since the appearance of Mr. Dasent's Preface to the Norse Tales have such stories begun to assume amongst ourselves an unwonted aspect of gravity and dignity. Proscribed by all reverend authority, they had for ages led a fugitive life as "blethers," under which name Mr. Campbell found them skulking in Highland shielings. A German friend of our own, intent on etymological and legendary phenomena, undertook a pilgrimage to Wales, but was surprised at the scantiness of his harvest. Venturing a remonstrance on behalf of the mythologies, a Methodist who heard him shook his head and said, "Ah, sir, they've been *chapeled down*!" Elsewhere, throughout our island, their history has been much the same. But by nursery and all other angles they have not ceased to cherish their spark of life; they have gushed merrily from their fountain-head in granny; their congenial time has been the twilight of a winter afternoon; and through open mouth or ears or eyes—whichever of the "Five Gateways" could in the hurry be thrown widest for their entrance—they have not failed to pass in triumph into the heaven of all good *Märchen*—the most catholic brain of Six-years-old.

It was always evident that these stories could not be of yesterday; it is now known that their antiquity can be measured only by that of the human race. They were the heritage of our Aryan family in its nursery in Central Asia, before the dispersion of the tribes which now bear its name. And their antiquity is matched by their vitality. They have survived unreckoned changes, adapting themselves and finding a home alike in Indian jungles and Russian snows, in the haunt of the tiger and that of the white bear, under the glittering minarets of Brahma and Vishnu,

and on the misty mountains of Fingal, by the blue waves and marble temples of Greece, and beneath the grim forests of Germany. Peace and war, bondage and freedom, heathendom and Christianity, have not disturbed them. They have adapted themselves, changing often not their dress only but their figure. But we are not now going to write their history, and we must beg the reader to take the proof of our facts for granted.

Again and again, in the lapse of centuries, one or other such tradition has been laid hold of by art and turned by her to her own account. But, though thus fixed and made illustrious in a work of imagination, the tradition has not on that account been restrained from going her own way in the popular mouth. None the less for poets and sculptors of Greece and Rome has the tale of Amor and Psyche excited eager listeners to sympathy in the fate of the loving but too curious maiden with her candle and its unlucky drops of grease, in regions where the names of Amor and Psyche were never heard and on whose shores not a wave of Grecian or Roman art ever rippled. The more we inquire the more we shall find how largely all poets have been indebted to the storehouse of narrative laid up for them by our forefathers in the nursery of the nations.

For children these stories—as stories—have their value still; for grown men they had long ceased to have any. The invention of printing did what no migration or religious revolution could do—it dealt them a deathblow; and, except in quarters where the influence of the press has not been much felt, they have "retired from active life" and linger now only in the memories of the aged. But, in our own day, a new sort of interest has gathered round them. They have been found to throw

a light, wholly their own, on what our fathers did and thought in pre-historic ages. Hence the activity recently shown in procuring them in an ungarbled popular form. *Renaissance* and periwig versions no longer suffice. As yet, however, but little progress has been made in forcing them to yield what information they possess. Not until we shall have made an exhaustive collection and comparison of all the popular tales—firstly of our own race, and eventually of the world at large—will it be possible to say that the science of “Storyology” has got standing-ground.

In face of such splendid exceptions as Mr. Campbell's four volumes of “Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach,” we must affirm that the writing down of traditional lore is not yet quite acclimatized with us. Abroad, in many parts, it has long been both a pursuit and a pastime. In Germany, ever since the earlier volumes of the Grimms’ “Kinder und Hausmärchen” were issued, not a nook of the Fatherland has escaped being put under contribution. With wonderful prolificness, Thuringia, the Harz or the Giant Mountains, still yield their quota annually. In Scandinavia the quest is followed with no less zeal, and, as some volumes now lying before us evince,¹ with remarkable method.

Mr. Svend Grundtvig, the editor of these Danish tales, is the son of Denmark's famous skald and priest, the venerable N. F. S. Grundtvig, and is best known by his admirable edition of the Danish ballads. Although he undertakes the responsibility of the present publication, he has had little or no share in the burden of collecting its materials; *this* part of the work has been done by a very miscellaneous band of agents throughout the length and breadth of the land. Parish schoolmasters, theological students, and ladies of “high degree,” seem, however, to be the chief contributors. They have plied their task with energy, and we hope their example will be largely fol-

lowed; for, as Mr. Grundtvig tells us, one of his chief motives in bringing out the collection by instalments has been to induce persons in other districts to attempt a similar quest. We should be glad if our present introduction of this Danish picnic to an English public, should have the effect of stirring some of the intelligent leisure of our own rural districts into “storyological” action. Although, for reasons not now to be entered upon, England and the Scottish lowlands may be poorer in “folk-lore” than most other countries of Northern Europe, yet we believe that, by some similar process of combination, a very creditable harvest might be gleaned. The task requires prudence, patience, and much dexterity, as any one who has tried it will testify. We ourselves remember, many years ago, accompanying some of the contributors to this very volume on their rounds among the peasantry of Denmark. What different methods had to be tried—what excess of eagerness had to be shown—what indifference had often to be affected—how many pots of jelly had to be judiciously administered, ere we could unseal the fountain! And even then, how would pure waters and troubled flow forth together! Gossip about the neighbours, ballads learned at school, or sometimes of *original composition*, would the oracle insist on having written down with due deference—else, good-bye to further communications from *that* quarter! In those days—and we hope it may be so still—throughout the rural parts, not of Denmark only but of all Scandinavia and of Germany, it was no rare thing to see pale students throw aside their Hebrew roots, and blooming misses don their hats of straw, and then hang breathless for hours on the lips of some old crone.

In choosing some specimens for translation, we have in the meantime limited ourselves to the first volume. The following story is interesting, partly through its very deficiency in those artistic qualities in which popular tales so wonderfully abound. It is full of genuine Baltic farmhouse humour; but, as a tale, it is

¹ Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde, &c. &c. samlede og udgivne af Svend Grundtvig, Kjøbenhavn, 1855—61.

among the crudest we ever met with : nothing is *motived* in it. The narrator seems to have heard a good story, and then to have forgotten all but the *denouements* that had tickled his fancy ; these he has strung afresh on a thread of Danish homespun.

VERY soon after the world was made, a soldier who had just obtained his discharge was journeying on the public road, with nothing in his pocket but a few shillings and rations for two days. Now, as he trudged along he met three men, one of whom carried a shovel, another a mattock, and the third a spade. The soldier stood still, stared at them, and demanded where they were bound for. "Well, I'll just tell you," replied one of the three. "There has been a man buried this morning who was owing each of us a shilling, and we're off to dig him up again, for we're determined to have back our money."

"Oh, what good would that do?" cried the soldier ; "just you let the dead man lie. He'll not stand you in shillings ; don't trouble him now he's buried."

"Oh, that's all very fine," cried the other, "but our money we must have ; so we'll up with him."

The soldier began to see that soft words would not have much effect, so he said, "Here, I've got two shillings ; will you take them and let the dead man alone?"

"Well, two shillings are always worth having," said the men, "but they'll not pay more than two of us ; what's to become of the third? Have you nothing for him?"

Now, when the soldier found that nothing was to be done with scoundrels like them, he said, "Well, well, if it can't be helped. Here, I've got but eighteen-pence left ; take your shilling out of that, and have done with it." At this they were all mightily pleased ; they took the soldier's three shillings, and went back the road they had come.

Now, when the soldier had gone a good bit further he was overtaken by another wayfarer, who first bowed to

him very politely, and then walked alongside of him on the highway, looking uncommonly pale, and not uttering so much as a squeak. In course of time they arrived at a church, and then the stranger spoke and said, "We must go into this church."

The soldier stole a look at him sideways, and said, "Surely not ! what in the world would we do in the church at midnight?"

"But I tell you," returned the other, "we must go in."

Well, in they went, and walked right up to the altar ; and there they found an old woman sitting with a lighted candle. "Pull a hair out of her head and smell it," said the stranger. The soldier did as he was bid, but nothing happened. The stranger told him to do it again, and he did it again ; but still all was quiet. The third time he pulled a whole bunch of hairs out of her head ; but at that the old wife got into such a towering rage that she flew right up through the roof of the church, and carried all the leads with her.

So they both left the church, and went down to the beach, where they found the leaden roof lying. "Jump in," says the stranger ; "we must put to sea directly."

"Are we to put to sea?" cries the soldier, who could make nothing of all this ; "there's no ship."

"Leave that to me," says the stranger ; "just you jump in and sit down beside me on the leaden roof ; for, you must know, beyond sea lives a princess to whom it has been foretold that she shall never be married, unless some one comes for her in a leaden ship. So you have a chance to make your fortune, if you like."

Well, away they sailed on the leaden roof : and by-and-by they came safe to land in the kingdom beyond the sea. There were grand doings on their arrival, and the wedding of the soldier and the princess was held with such splendour as never was seen either before or since.

As soon as the ceremony was over, a chaise drew up at the church door, and

bride and bridegroom stepped in, followed by the stranger. The coachman inquired where he was to drive to, and the stranger told him, "Drive, as hard as the wheels will turn, to where the sun rises." So off they drove, neck or nothing.

By-and-by they came to an immense flock of sheep. By the roadside went the shepherd, and to him the stranger beckoned, inquiring who he was, and where he came from. "I am the Count of Revensborg," replied the herd, "and yonder stands my castle." Then the stranger bade the coachman drive on again as hard as he could. In a twinkling they whisked into Castle Revensborg; but hardly had they got down from their coach before there was a tremendous thundering at the gate: the shepherd stood outside, and would be in. So the stranger went down and inquired what he wanted. Well, he wanted to get into the castle, which he had a good right to, he said, for it was his own. The stranger reflected for a minute, and then told the shepherd (who was a Troll) that he might certainly come in if he chose, but only on condition that he underwent the Torment of the Rye.

"The Torment of the Rye!" said the Troll. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," replied the stranger, "that, when autumn comes, you shall be sown deep in the ground; and then in spring, when you come up again, and when the rain has watered you and the sun ripened you till you are ready for the sickle, you shall be mown, and dried, and driven to the barn, and then thrashed over and above."

"What?" screamed the Troll—"shall I be thrashed?"

"Of course you shall," said the other; "first thrashed, and then taken to the mill and ground."

"Ground, too!" roared the Troll—"shall I be ground?"

"To be sure!" quoth the other—"both ground and sifted;" but at that the Troll flew into such a fury that he burst all to flints.

Then the stranger went to the soldier and his bride, shook hands with them, and said to the former:

"Well! you see I have got you the Princess to wife, and I have destroyed the Troll in Revensborg; his castle and all his wealth are yours now: I have done the same by you as you did by me when you spent your three shillings for me."

"My three shillings!" cried the soldier; "I had forgotten all about them!"

"So you had," replied the stranger, "else I could not have helped you. But now farewell to you both. I must go to my own place."

The next has been, under other forms, widely enough diffused. It is to be met with, for instance, in Persian, in mediæval German and Spanish, in French and Italian. In the sixteenth century it fell into the grasp of Shakespeare, and, through him, has become familiar to us all. The following version was taken down in the district of Vendsyssel, in Northern Jutland, where, we dare say, the worthy boors have long found it highly entertaining. It is curious to find details such as the ride through the wood, and the killing of the horse, reproduced here just as we read them in the old High German ballad.

A man and his wife had once three daughters, whose names were Karen, Maren, and Metty. The girls were nice enough looking, but cross and crabbed they were all three, though the most crabbed by far was Metty. In the course of time there came wooers to Karen and Maren, and they both got married; but it was a precious while before anybody ventured to woo Metty. At length, however, she got a sweetheart too; but, to be sure, he came from a long way off. The banns were to be read three times, he said; and on the third day, after the third reading, at a particular hour, which he mentioned, they were to meet at church to be married; and with that he went his way.

When the wedding-day arrived, the old folks proceeded to church with their daughter; but they had to wait a good while for the bridegroom. At last he made his appearance, riding on an old

gray horse, with a gun at his side, a pair of thick worsted mittens on his hands, and a great dog at his heels. As soon as the marriage was over, he said to the bride, "Jump on the horse in front of me, and let us ride home!" She did as she was bidden, though her father made plenty of objections; he would have had them step in and get something to eat first: but the bridegroom kept to his point, and away they rode.

When they had gone a good bit, the bridegroom dropped a mitten. "Pick it up!" said he to the dog; but the dog did not pick it up. "Pick it up instantly!" said he again; but the dog let it lie. So when he had said the same thing a third time, and the dog never minded, he took his gun and shot it dead on the spot. Then they rode on, and came to a wood, where the bridegroom thought they might take a rest; so they got down, and threw the bridle over the horse's neck. By-and-by, when the bridegroom thought they had rested long enough, he called three times to the horse; but the horse took no heed, and went on grazing. So he took his gun and shot it. At this the bride felt quite strange; and then and there she formed a resolution that, come what might, she never would contradict her husband. A little afterwards her husband took a green twig, bent its two ends together, and gave it to her, telling her to keep it till he asked it back. Then they went the rest of the road on foot, till they came to their farm.

There they lived happily many years, for Metty did not forget the resolution she had made in the wood, viz. that she never would contradict her husband. She was always so gentle and docile that nobody would have said it was "crabbed Metty." So one day the good man says to her, "Mightn't we take a drive to your father's, Metty, and see how your mother and he are getting on?" Well! the good wife thought there was nothing she would like better; so the good man had the horses put to, and off they set. On the road they came to a number of storks all standing

together. "What a fine lot of ravens!" says the good man. "They're not ravens—they're storks!" says his wife. "Turn and drive home again!" cries the good man to the lad; so they drove back to where they had come from. A while after he asked her again. Wouldn't she like to go and see the old folks. Metty, of course, was very willing. On the road they came to a flock of sheep. "What a mighty big pack of wolves!" says he. "They're not wolves!" says she—"they're sheep." "Turn and drive home again!" cries he to the lad; so neither did they get any further that day. Well! a third time he asked her whether they shouldn't go to see her parents; and, as she very readily agreed, the horses were put to once more. When they had got on a long way they came to a flock of hens. "What a parcel of crows!" says he. "That's very true, I'm sure!" says she. So they drove on, and when they reached the old folks' house there were great rejoicings. Karen and Maren, with their husbands, were there too. Mother led her three daughters into her own room, for she was longing to question Metty about her new way of life, and to find out how she liked it. Meanwhile, father filled a jug with money, and placed it on the table before his sons-in-law, telling them it was to go to him who had the most dutiful wife. At that the eldest directly began calling out, "Karen, my love, just come here for a minute—do! dearest Karen." But for all his calling there came no Karen. Not even when he went into the bedroom, and, in a kindly sort of way, began to pull her, could he get her to move. The second fared no better with his Maren. So it was the third one's turn. He merely went to the door, knocked gently, and said, "Come here, Metty!" and out she came in a trice, asking whether he wanted anything. He said, "Only the twig that I gave you that day in the wood." Well, she had it by her, and handed it to him, and he showed it to the rest, with the words: "Look! I bent the twig when it was green: you should have done the same."

One is by contrast reminded of the indignant lady's sarcasm : "You block-head! you should have killed the cat on the wedding day."

There is plenty of broad humour from the plough and spade in this. Though local in character, it may not be uninteresting to ourselves, throwing, as it does, a gleam of light on regions with which few of us can ever hope to become conversant. We are informed, for instance, that

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go to Assens one day with a load of barley ; so one of his neighbours, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottar followed the cart on foot ; and as it was a very hot day he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church which stood on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that, as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon ; he could soon make up to the cart again.

He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him ; so he stood inside of the door. The Gospel for that Sunday was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church, the minister shouted out, "But what became of the rich man?"

The Ebberup man thought the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said :

"He drove on to Assens with a load of barley."

"No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell."

"Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of church ; "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

In Mr. Campbell's Gaelic Tales, we

read of the brownie on the island of Inch, near Easdaile, who has so long taken care of the cattle belonging to the MacDougals of Ardingcapple. His perquisite is two Scotch pints of warm milk every night. If the dairymaid happens to neglect it, he pitches a cow over the rocks before morning. It would seem that brownies in the Highlands and in Jutland are wonderfully alike.

At Toftegaard there used to be a brownie who brought good luck to the house. But neither did the folk ever forget to put down for him at night in the stable a cupful of sweet brose, with a lump of butter in it. One evening the kitchen-girl had put the butter rather deep into the brose, so that the brownie thought she had forgotten it. At this he grew so angry that he went to the cow-house and wrung the neck of the best red cow. But, feeling hungry by-and-by, he came back to the brose, found the butter, and was sorry for what he had done. So he hoisted the dead cow on his shoulders, carried it across the Nyaa to a farmyard in Jetsmark, took in its stead another cow that was as like the dead one as two pins, and brought it to Toftegaard.

We shall conclude with a pleasing variation on a familiar theme. It is entitled "A Moment in Heaven."

There were two young fellows who had long been the best of bosom friends, and they agreed that wherever they should be, or however far separated, they would come to each other's wedding. But one died, and years passed before the other was married. On the wedding day, as he sat at table by his bride, and the feast was nearly ended, the bridegroom saw his deceased friend enter the room ; but no one else could see him. The bridegroom rose, went to meet his friend, and led him outside. His friend said, "See! I have come to your wedding, as I promised." The bridegroom asked, "How is it with you where you now are?" His friend answered, "It is so well with me that I cannot

describe it. But if you like, you can come yourself for a little and see." "But," said the bridegroom, "I am just going to dance with my bride." "The dancing won't begin for a little," said the other; "come away!"

So they went together to Heaven, and there all was more beautiful than tongue can tell. Presently the bridegroom's friend turned to him and said, "You had better go; your bride misses you." "Oh, I have hardly been here a moment yet," replied the other. His friend turned to him again and said, "Make haste now and go; they are all anxiously seeking for you." But he answered again, "Oh, I have hardly been here one moment yet."

His friend said the third time, "Now, you *must* begone!" So he returned to earth and went to the house where the bridal was held; but it all

seemed changed. He saw no chaises waiting outside, nor could he hear any music. Then he felt quite strange, and asked a woman who was coming out at the door, "Isn't there a wedding here to-day?"

"Wedding!" said the woman; "it's many a long day since there was a wedding in this house. When I was a little girl, my grandmother told me that there had been a wedding here a hundred years ago; but, just when the dancing was going to begin, the bridegroom disappeared and never came back."

Then he perceived that he had been in Heaven for a hundred years, and that all his friends on earth were dead and gone; so he prayed to our Lord that he might return to the place from which he had come. And our Lord heard his prayer.

"THE PEAL OF BELLS."

In olden times, beside the Rhine,
There dwelt an artisan, who wrought
A peal of bells, and made them take
Sweet echoes from his thought.

So soft, so musical they were,
So touched with thoughts of other
years,
The voiceless air grew eloquent
To melt the heart to tears.

And where the convent crowns the crag
That rises from the vine-clad dells,
And reddens to the summer dawns,
They hung that peal of bells.

And, when the frozen breath of morn
Still wreathed the convent and its
trees,
Their silver octaves, note by note,
They loosened on the breeze.

And, when the eve had hushed the dells,
And lowing kine did home repair
A benediction soft and low
They breathed along the air.

And he who wrought them built hard by
A lowly cot wherein to dwell,

That he might hear at morn and eve
The bells he loved so well.

Erelong, her head upon his breast,
With blissful tears the sweet eyes dim,
A fair maid listens at evensong
To those clear bells, with him.

And soon glad children's voices blend
With them, mirth that no cares de-
stroy;

Dear chimes, that to a father's heart
Ring back his childhood's joy.

And thus, with those he loved on earth,
He lived calm days with blessings
fraught—

Days that in music swan-like die,
Wept by the bells he wrought.

Till in his absence came a foe,
Who that fair convent overthrew,
And bore away the peal of bells,—
His wife and children slew.

Nor groan, nor murmur uttered he,
But straight the pilgrim's staff he took;
To alien countries bent his way,
His home, his land forsook.

He wandered east, he wandered west,
 Crazy by a sleepless, inward woe—
 A poor, heart-broken, homeless thing—
 With feeble steps and slow ;

Until it chanced green Erin's shore
 He reached, and down the Shannon's
 tide,
 One still and balmy summer eve,
 Past Limerick's towers did glide.

Then suddenly the vesper chimes
 Came on the breeze in fitful swells ;
 He knows their voice—they are, they are
 His own beloved bells !

Folding his arms upon his breast,
 His head a little drooped the while,
 He listened—all the woe-worn face
 Lit by a quiet smile.

Old scenes, old forms, old friends crowd
 in
 Upon his brain from happier times,
 And little children's laughter low
 Rings in between those chimes.

His face turned towards the waning
 towers,
 His arms still folded on his breast,
 The boatmen found him cold and still :
 The weary heart at rest.

NEAPOLITAN PRISONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is no small thing for a traveller, or even for a tourist, to belong to a nation of recognised respectability, more particularly when he tours or travels (for they are two things) in a country whose nationality is rather vague and unsettled. However small he may be at home, some of the light of his country is reflected on him, and not only makes him think himself a great man, but not unfrequently makes others think so too, if it happens to suit their purpose. An Englishman, in particular, when travelling in a country in a more or less revolutionary state, is very apt to be laid hold of, and filled to the brim, like a jug, with new and valuable information as to what is going on, in the hopes that some of it may be carried home and poured out before an enlightened British public. He is apt to be by no means careful in the sifting of his information. Anything learned on the spot must be true ; and he finds plenty of people, in fashion and out of fashion, from dukes and duchesses down to cavalieri and ladies of doubtful reputation, quite ready to give it him. And if he be an M.P. he vows that Parliament shall hear o't, and goes to sleep with anticipated "Hear, hears," and cheers ringing in his ears.

It is a wonderfully pleasant sight for

those a little behind the scenes, and who are indifferent enough to the game to make good lookers-on, to see people gradually swell and dilate as the soft breath of the trained flatterer is blown into them ; to mark how the whispered colloquy in the corner of the drawing-room—horribly, deliciously dangerous !—gains everyday a sweeter zest ; how the private and particular information to be used "in another place," murmured furtively and clandestinely (of course for fear of a brutal secret police, and not at all because if uttered openly it would be flatly contradicted on the spot), penetrates into the very soul of the awed and flattered listener. Little does he think that, if it be worth the while, everything is carefully arranged beforehand by astute plotters far away in the background of whose existence he knows nothing—the people he is to meet, the things they are to say, how his weak points are to be studied ; and, luckily for him, he little dreams of the way in which he is mentioned in childish mysterious cipher letters, and how those, "who know," marvel where he has picked up the odd and disreputable people he is seen going about with.

I have a very good illustration of this sort of thing now before me.

It is an authenticated copy of a letter in cipher lately found, with much other perilous stuff, in the possession of a Bourbonist princess, who is at present receiving the wages of her amateur postmanship in a cozy suite of rooms in an "official" building in South Italy. It shows very clearly that one cannot be too cautious about information, even when picked up "on the spot," and how necessary it is to prove one's authorities before quoting them. It is not a very nice or straightforward sort of letter. There seems to be no anxiety to "let the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" be shown to the Englishman—no, he is to be "fished for and surrounded." He was surrounded; he was fished for; he was caught, landed, and basked—if all I hear be true. As I merely give a part of the letter as a specimen of how these things are done, and wish to hurt nobody, I carefully suppress names.

Translation of a letter in cipher, seized on the Princess ———.

"6th of Feb. 1863.

"95 to Clarenzio,

"This letter will probably reach you before another which I delivered to ———, but her departure has been delayed. If you permit, for the future, I shall call you 96, and the resolution (?) 99, for the sake of shortness. An Englishman has arrived here who calls himself a relation of Normanby. He is staying with Lady ———.

"He has refused every civility of La Marmora, and wishes to visit the prisons and to know our state. He has joined himself to Ventimiglia. *We shall fish for him and surround him.*"

The rest is mere small twaddly intrigue and notices of those of the party who had been arrested, and hints as to how scruples—priestly and others—might be removed.

Bearing these things in mind, during a recent visit to Naples, I very much gave up believing what I was told on either side of the question.

To a man at all interested in discovering whether the world he lives in grows better or worse—whether the religion he believes in shows its truthfulness by gradually civilizing and humanizing his fellow-men, or its want of truth by keeping them in a state of moral and, what is much the same, physical degradation—it is no slight thing to be unable to believe, at most, more than half what he is told. Seeing with one's own eyes being generally considered a tolerably safe way of arriving at facts, I thought that I should find in the prisons of Naples a fair test of advance or retrogression.

I went to see for myself. What I saw I say I saw, and what I heard I say I heard. I certainly believe what I saw; what I heard must be taken for what it is worth.

We will begin our tour with the Castle of St. Elmo, the apex of the pyramid of Naples. It will start us in a good humour; for its cells and crypts have received the greatest improvement they could by any possibility be capable of—there are no prisoners in them! I am afraid that I have already shown so strong a bias in favour of the new state of things by this hint of improvement that my evidence will be put out of court. I am sorry for it; but I must iterate and reiterate that the absence of human beings from these most abominable torture-holes is an improvement.

When one saunters through the obliettes of the old German castles, say those of Baden or the Marksburg, one feels a pleasant mixture of honour and gratification. It was so long ago since any one was confined in these stone boxes without light or air; the abominations of the place belong to such an utterly remote and bygone state of things, impossible in our time, as we fancy! In St. Elmo one is brought face to face with things as bad, if not worse than anything you see in Germany. You grope your way by the flickering light of the sergeant's lanthorn through passages and corridors; through exercising grounds—heaven save the mark!—hewn out of the solid rock, so dark as to ren-

der it impossible to recognise a human face at twenty feet distance, and into which open cells—without any light or air whatever except what they gain from this dank “darkness visible”—used as prisons for gently-nurtured men barely three years ago, and still reeking with the stench left by the last sweltering mass of misery. The man who shows you these horrors is the gaoler who turned the heavy bolts on the prisoners; the gentlemen whom you meet in society—the doctor who attends you, the lawyer who defends you—were the prisoners he guarded; and yet say the people, who threw up their caps for the new *régime*, hoping for place, and now send out their money to Pilloni because they are placeless, “There is no improvement.” Bah! The mere absence of prisoners in the cells of St. Elmo is improvement enough for three short years.

It would take too long to describe all the ingenuity of iniquity lavished on the cells of St. Elmo; but one of them is worth special notice.

In the centre of a lofty vault is a square well-like opening, with a low parapet around it. Descending a staircase passage cut in the rock (and, by-the-bye, with cells partly built, partly hewn in its walls, without light or air), we arrive at a lower dungeon, which communicates with the one just left by the well mentioned—like two bottles, the neck of one fitting into the bottom of the other, the staircase winding round their sides. In this almost dark crypt fifty gentlemen of Palermo were placed, chained in pairs, in 1848, without bed or furniture beside the stone shelf running round it.

“Did they use the stick to them in those days?” was asked of the gaoler.

“No; after they had been down there a few hours they were quiet enough; and, besides, the sentinel placed at the well-mouth above fired down on the mass at the slightest disturbance.” No improvement since then, O reactionist!

Descending the hill, we arrive at the prison of Santa Maria Parente, infamously famous from having been the place of Poerio's confinement during his

mock trial. (A cell, and one of the worst and most fetid in the upper prison of St. Elmo, was also pointed out to me as having been tenanted by him; but this is doubtful.)

Like all the prisons of Naples, it was not originally built for its present use, being a “converted” monastery. In the centre is a fair-sized courtyard, now being cleaned and whitewashed, with a cloister running round it, both of which are used for exercising, or rather lounging, yards by the prisoners. Out of the cloister open the principal cells, those looking south containing the political prisoners, those to the east the more ordinary criminals. In one of the former we found Bishop, condemned for conspiracy and carrying treasonable letters. His case was so fully reported at the time, and the general feeling in England was so decidedly in favour of the justice of his sentence, that I need not enter into particulars. He certainly has no cause to complain of any undue severity or strictness of supervision. He was smartly and natively dressed, and, when I entered the room, was discussing the newspaper with a gentleman-fellow-prisoner, a man of some position. His room was of very sufficient size, very clean, and well furnished, with every comfort, including a “tub.” He had, moreover, from his window one of the loveliest views in Europe—over Naples, across the purple sea to Capri, and all the glorious coast-line from Castellamare southwards.

It is possible that the sight of the free white sails and the sound of the busy streets below may be additional sources of misery to an imprisoned man. I do not think that the Bourbons thought so, from what Arrivabene tells us of the state of this or the next cell in Poerio's time:—

“It would have been airy enough “had not the window, from which the “monks enjoyed the view, been denied “to the prisoner. Heavy shutters were “placed against the glass, and these “shutters were locked night and day, “the room being lighted by the four “round holes pierced at the top.

"Boards were fixed in the wall at the side of the cell, on which a filthy mattress, about six feet long and two feet wide, was placed."

This was the first prison in Naples, with prisoners in it, that I visited; and I was much struck with the perfect freedom of communication which was permitted between ourselves and the prisoners. I got used to it afterwards. I was surprised at being left by the officials in Bishop's room, to say or hear what we liked, and, if we chose, to plot the downfall of Victor Emmanuel. It was the same in the case of the other prisoners; and the officials were evidently sincerely anxious that we should have an opportunity of hearing what was unjust and wrong, in order that, by our making things public, good might follow.

The stone cell, or rather box, mentioned by Arrivabene, the roof of which was too low to permit the occupant to stand upright—in which Saro, the Albanian priest, was confined for more than a year, under the Bourbons—I forgot to ask for. Possibly it was bricked up for very shame, as many of the old "little cases" are. I may be told that I was not permitted to see it because there were at least two political prisoners in it. It may be so; but, had it been, I think that some of the communicative gaol-birds would have told me.

The Infirmary is situated in what, I believe, were the summer cells of the monks. Bare and crude to an English eye, it is certainly not to be compared to a ward in St. George's Hospital; but, judged from the latitude of Naples, there was nothing to complain of. It was clean and well ventilated; the bedding was clean and warm; and, as for the cells themselves, we must remember that they were built for monks, and, with all respect, they are a class of persons who, in Italy at least, have a very decent idea of making themselves comfortable. The patients made no complaint, and it is a question whether they were ever better off in their lives, liberty apart. In it were a Hungarian officer and two

or three of his men, and in the contiguous cells some more of their countrymen. It so happened that amongst our party was a Hungarian gentleman, who disclosed his nationality to them. He reported no complaint as having been made, even in Hungarian. They had, of course, been arrested without the slightest idea of the why or because, and had been kept there, according to their own account, without any examination whatever. They were—and herein they were in accordance with almost every man I met with in Neapolitan prisons—perfectly innocent of everything. I really believe that perfect virtue is only to be met with in these prisons, if you will but believe the prisoners. Their countryman exerted himself and procured their liberation. On my return to Naples, it was confessed to me by their deliverer, that, nautically speaking, there *was* a foul turn or two in their hawse—that there was but little doubt they were all, officer included, little better than sad rogues; that it was pretty certain they had deserted from the army and incontinently joined the brigands as a profession admitting of greater freedom and more profit; and, moreover, that their arrest was much more justifiable than their dismissal.

Here we find two great sins of the old régime still existing. The first is the mixture, more or less, of political prisoners with the more ordinary class of felons. I confess that the only reason I can see for the separation is that the educated man suffers more from the mixture than the pickpocket. One must, however, go into the distinctions between mere selfish and paid sedition and the real heartfelt struggles of a patriot wishing to improve his country, to discuss this question, and I have no room for it. The thing itself is not a new discovery of the Piedmontese. The Chevalier d'Aloe, himself a worshipper of the old family (one member of which, though as yet uncanonized, is worshipped as a saint, and does miracles; I have seen it with my eyes—the worship, not the miracles)—writing of this

same Maria Apparente, in 1853, tells us that it is "pour les criminels d'état, 'et pour les voleurs, comme aussi pour 'ceux auxquels la police inflige des punitions temporaires."

The second and greater sin is without excuse, except the lame one of expediency—the prolonged imprisonment of men without previous interrogation. It is of no use to use the "Tu quoque" here, and say that the same thing has been done over and over again both in France and Prussia whenever circumstances seemed to require it. The thing is wrong, and should be mended. The best remedy would be the granting the *habeas corpus* act, and then suspending it, whereby you might bag your game legally. I wonder what the head of the Berlin police would say to me if I proposed wandering amongst the cells of Spandau and talking confidentially to the prisoners there! Or whether the Emperor of the French would give me a visiting order to Cayenne, with "liberty of free circulation," in case I wished to ascertain how these things are managed in those countries! This, however, is political more or less, and no business of mine.

I should notice that, by a recent order, a visitor-book is kept at the prison, in which you are requested, nay pressed, to write your impressions as freely as possible, and particularly to point out any evils which you may consider as existing, with a view to their being remedied.

Our countrymen should be cautious how they commit themselves to this book, unless they are quite sure that they can believe their own eyes. Recorded eulogies are very inconvenient things when, for some reason or another, the recorder finds it necessary or useful to look at the subject through a new pair of spectacles—carefully tinted for him. Such things have happened. On the whole, I can fairly state that the general prison is decidedly clean—for Naples; that Bishop's cell is so clean and comfortable that I should not hesitate to hire it myself, particularly with its view; that the food supplied by Government

is equal, if not superior, to that consumed by far the greater number of prisoners when free; that the prisoners are permitted very free communication with their friends, and allowed to buy any addition to the prison fare they please, or can afford; that, with every opportunity of hearing, if it had existed, I had no hint of harshness or cruelty; that the most perfect confidence seemed to exist between the prisoners and their keepers; and that I was permitted any extent of communication, unwatched and unattended.

Here, again, I can state, if I am permitted to believe Mr. Arrivabene's eyes, that the improvement since the exit of the Bourbons is most decided.

The largest, and in some respects the most interesting, prison of Naples is the old "Castel Capuana," called also the "Vicaria," from its having served in old times as the palace of the Spanish Viceroy. The building itself is of great age, originally finished in 1231. Its exterior is fine and massive, a typical prison-palace of the middle ages. It was transformed into the seat of the law courts by Pietro de Toledo, in 1540.

Nowadays, part of it is taken up by public offices; and in one of its large rooms the "Lotto Reale" is drawn every Saturday with great ceremony, religious and otherwise; a priest being present, in full canonicals, to bless and besprinkle the small boy who, with naked arm, draws the number from the box—relicts of the Bourbons which Garibaldi tried in vain to abolish. From the barred windows, looking into the courtyard, the prisoners can see each Saturday the greasy mob of monks, citizens, priests, prostitutes, and pick-pockets, surging towards their unhealthy excitement, and can shriek greetings to their friends without fear of interruption from their keepers.

As might be expected from its age and history, the Vicaria is unfitted for the requirements of a modern prison. The prison part consists of two separate sets of wards—one on the left on entering the courtyard, more particularly devoted to prisoners as yet unjudged; and a

smaller on the right, used for the baser sort, *camorristi*, and others. When I visited it, there were 300 *camorristi*, and 760 other prisoners in the whole building.

The left-hand prison consists of an upper and lower series of vast corridors, crowded with men, but for the most part lofty and well ventilated. In their present state, classification and supervision are utterly impossible. The prisoners herd together and do as they will—drink, smoke, gamble, fight, and murder each other with but little chance of detection; yell to their friends in the courtyard or the street; and even, if the director be believed, gamble with them as they sit in the deep embrasures.

There seemed to be a considerable amount of rough comfort in these corridors. The bedding which the remanded and unjudged found for themselves, as they did also their clothes, was, of course, as good as they would have had at home; and all I examined was clean and warm. A large number had their chests and boxes with them, and had evidently made up their minds to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Some were dining, with those mighty green bottles of red wine beside them which every visitor of Naples knows so well, and out of which a Neapolitan only can drink without spilling the liquor down the outside instead of the inside of his throat. Some were writing; a very few reading; most of them doing nothing, in the perfect way that a Neapolitan alone can do it.

On entering one of these wards the noise at first was tremendous, but soon silenced by two or three peculiar cries, not from the gaolers, but from amongst the mass of the prisoners themselves. It was a strange, wild scene; there was a movement and a life more like a *salle d'attente* for conscripts than a prison. The men were utterly free from that dull, sickly gloom, that miserable life-in-death look, so familiar to those who have visited our model prisons. There was not a shade of conscious guilt or shame to be seen; the faces were brown and

healthy, eyes bright and eager; and there was a ready civility of manner which made one feel at ease alone amongst scores of as utter ruffians as could be found in Europe. It was only after a little study that one saw the depth of rattlesnake treachery in the glittering eye, and the cold cruel villany of the thin-lipped smile.

A large number of men in these corridors are merely confined under suspicion; and a large number of these suspects are likely to be kept in durance vile for some time on mere suspicion—a sad piece of illegality, only to be palliated for this reason: any man, woman, or child, giving the slightest particle of evidence against them would firmly believe that he, she, or it would either be scarred or stabbed, and with every chance of impunity. This crowd of bright-eyed, good-tempered-looking, civil men is composed of '*camorristi*.'

The foul secrets of this curious sect have been lately (thanks to that genial spirit Marc-Monnier) exposed to the open air—let us hope, to be desiccated, deprived of their evil savour, and ground into some sort of useful matter for the new Neapolitan police to flourish on. Already—thanks to arbitrary arrests—the *camorra* is, to the grief of those wont to make use of them, sadly on the decline. I watched most carefully for a sign of its existence during two recent visits to Naples, and saw nothing of it: others, also on the look out for it, were more fortunate; but even they only reported two clear cases of their having seen money received for the *camorra*. The thing is scotched, at any rate; and though, doubtless, the wriggling vermin may still bite if you go within his own length, his area of mischief is much circumscribed.

For this institution, amongst others, Naples is, doubtless, indebted to the Spanish Bourbons. The origin of the name is evidently Spanish—"camorra," a row, a quarrel; "*buscar camorra*," to provoke a fight. The existence of a sect strikingly resembling the *camorra* of Naples has been found fully stated in a novel of Cervantes, "*Riconete* et

Certadillo," in which he paints the manners of Seville from 1588 to 1603.

Working still further back, Marc-Monnier finds, on consulting Neapolitan and Sicilian vocabularies, that the camorrist is a rogue, living on the money he extorts from the gamblers in low hells; and Ford, in his "Gatherings from Spain," introduces exactly the same character, using the same language—a fact which I present to Marc-Monnier in return.

When we find anything very original in Spain, it is pretty certain that it did not originate with the Spaniards; and so it is a matter of course to find an Arabic word "kumar," a game of chance prohibited by the Koran. (*Alea*, says the Arabic and Persian dictionary of Meninski, and *aleatorius quivis ludus peculigrater quo captatur lucrum*), which piece of learning I get from Marc-Monnier. Wherever it took its origin—Africa, Spain, or Naples—it is, evidently, suited to a cozy, lotos-eating, don't-bother-yourself-with-work-or-trifles country.

Of the three great non-working professions, it is perhaps the best. Stealing—that is, taking what you may be in want of—may seem an easy way of living in this work-a-day world, but it has its disadvantages. It is so difficult to steal just what you want at the moment you want it; you must steal what you can and trust to a rude barter, for the chance of satisfying your cravings. And then it is so difficult to know beforehand whether the thing you steal be worth the stealing—witness Bardolph, who stole a lady's lute-case, bore it for three leagues, and sold it for three halfpence—to say nothing of the discomforts of imprisonment and the barrier it puts to the exercise of your mystery. Begging, or mendicency also, though not without its advantages—particularly in that it requires neither capital nor coinage—has its drawbacks; the greatest of which is the police—for even in Naples the police have swept the streets very nearly clean of beggars. Another, almost as great, is that the passer-by may not see the necessity of the prolongation of your existence in the

same clear light that you do yourself. But "demanding" money, openly and boldly, as an indisputable right from all and sundry, claiming and getting a settled percentage from every shilling gained by hard-handed labour or soft-hearted shopkeeping, is indeed the royal road to comfort and ease, and sleeping in the sun, and endless macaroni and strong red Capri wine. And, moreover, in prison or out of prison, the allowance from the chest of the society is equally certain.

It is clear, however, that there are reasons which prevent this agreeable mode of life being open to all. I am not learned in political economy; but it seems to me that, if everybody "demanded" and got a heavy percentage from everybody, on everything they sold, bought, or did, nobody would be a great gainer. And this fact was early discovered by the camorristi. In order to prevent all the world taking to the profession, they made the preparatory steps to initiation so difficult, and even dangerous, that comparatively few had the courage to face them. The small pick-pocket had to work long and hard before he could be admitted as an apprentice, or *picciotto di sgarro*; and to rise from that position to the envied one of *masto*, or master-camorrist, which alone gave the right to participate in the public spoil, required very clear proofs of courage and discretion—a murder, at command; a bold case of cutting and maiming; in want of these, a duel with another *picciotto*, or the taking on himself the consequences of a murder committed by a *masto*.

It is clear that, in order to "work" the camorra properly, the locality must be favourable. It would not do to try it hastily in new localities. Were I to ask Jacques Bonhomme, "Fort de la Halle," for a tenth part of his day's wages, as a right, he would give me so enormous a kick, that I should be very shy of repeating the request; and, if I made a similar request of Mr. Patrick Macguire, on Saturday night, I should not only be kicked, but danced upon, to an extent which would probably pre-

vent my ever repeating it at all. Fancy waiting quietly in Storr and Mortimer's till a duke had finished arranging the purchase of a diamond rivière for his duchess, and then asking Storr—or it might be Mortimer—to hand over a percentage of the purchase-money! Yet things as strange have been done in Naples over and over again. In fact, to succeed, you must have a people capable of being bullied to any extent—a people who, from long oppression, cower under the slightest threat, and who believe that any appeal to a recognised tribunal will avail them nothing. Such are the Neapolitans. M. Bonhomme and Mr. Macguire would not be a bit afraid of me, and would show it by not paying me; the Neapolitan would be most horribly afraid of me, and would show it by paying me at once. Why the Neapolitans are so horribly afraid of each other, and of everybody else, may, I think, be made out by those who have the time. Most horribly afraid of each other they certainly are, and for ever under the influence of some tremendous bogey or another. The upper class bow before the political bogey, the lower before the camorra bogey, and both before the priest bogey.

"Honour amongst thieves." Yes, there may be such a thing when a failure of honour is certain to be punished by a few inches of cold steel; and, from this and other causes, there was "honour" enough to give the camorristi a terrible power of cohesion. The feeling of confidence amongst them was so strong that it rendered possible the formation of a fund, into which all the sums gained were paid, and which was regularly and carefully shared amongst the masters, sick or well, free or in prison. For the way in which the money was earned I must refer to Marc-Monnier's book, merely hinting that, from the gambler who won a few grains at the street-corner up to the shopkeeper, and higher still, all had to pay a percentage of their gains into the hand stretched out before them, and backed by the simple demand "For the camorra."

The time of the police was far too

much taken up by their political work to permit them to wage war against so extended a conspiracy; and, indeed, they occasionally delegated their authority to the camorristas. During the interregnum between the flight of the late king and the advent of Victor Emmanuel, the whole police of Naples was placed by authority in their hands, and for a time they did their work well and honestly. As one might expect, when the thieves were well paid, crime diminished. Gradually, however, the influence of their old training overcame their good resolutions; and, as with the cat in the fable, the first mouse that appeared brought out their true nature in full force. The temptation was great. The customs of Naples, which were worth 40,000 ducats a day to the state, returned under their fostering care barely 1,000; and, on measures being taken against them, the octroi, which had returned the sum of twenty-five halfpence to the civic coffers, rose to 800 ducats or 3,400 francs the day after the arrest of ninety camorristas in December, 1860. Who could remain a policeman with such a Tom Tiddler's ground at his feet? Since then an uncompromising razzia has been carried on against them, and the Vicaria is crowded.

The Vicaria used to be the headquarters of the camorra: it has flourished there for at least 300 years. Every miserable wretch who entered the prison had to pay or fight; in fact, it was something like the old "garnishing" system of our prisons. He had to pay for everything—the right to eat, drink, and smoke, the very right to sell or buy—and in old times the camorristas shared the spoil with the head-gaoler. It was in vain that the prison officers searched for and removed the knives of the camorristas; new ones were forthcoming at an instant's notice. If the supply of knives happened by any chance to fail, daggers of hard wood, scraped sharp with broken glass, were used—the points being rubbed with garlic and salt, with the intention of making the wound more dangerous. I have some of these weapons in my possession, given me by the

director of the prison. In his private room is a table covered with every imaginable form of stabbing and cutting implement—hard-wood daggers ; files sharpened (a very popular weapon, being good English steel) ; every form of villanous knife, many of them so made as to be useless for any but stabbing purposes ; lancets ; bradawls, carefully sharpened and kept in leathern sheaths ; iron forks, with one prong broken off ; pewter forks, with the prongs hammered down and the handles notched into sharp saws ; razors, with the blade fixed into the handle ; and endless other forms, many of them with the blood-stains still on them—a most villanous collection. These, he told me, were taken from the prisoners in the prison itself, after they had been carefully searched on entering ; and he was always discovering new ones.

Besides the large corridors, there is, on the same side of the prison, a smaller compartment, better tended and regulated than the rest—a set of cells permitting some extent of division and classification. In one of these I saw a man who was supposed to have committed a camorrist murder in the upper prison. There was of course no clear proof ; but that white blank face, with its restless eyes, and those nervous twitching hands, tearing food to pieces with uneasy jerks, told of something very uneasy within. In another cell were a number of men employed in shoemaking.

The worst of the camorristas are confined on the opposite side of the courtyard ; and a most hopelessly villanous set they are. The punishment here is nominally bread and water and solitary confinement (fifteen days, the extreme permitted) ; but, as there is but one punishment-cell, we found three rogues in it at once. There is on this side a courtyard surrounded by lofty buildings, in which the prisoners take some small exercise ; it is very confined and exceedingly dirty. The men seemed cheerful enough, and many of them were employed in making persiennes. On one side of this yard is a door leading to a

long range of dungeons, unused since 1815. They are at present perfectly dark, but in old times were feebly lighted through a few small holes opening from the ditch. A stone bench was the only bed of the prisoners—in fact, the only furniture (there is the same style of comfort at St. Elmo)—and along the centre runs an open drain, to which the two sides of the floor slope rapidly. There, indeed, was no floor, properly so called, and it is not even easy walking. We were warned, without affectation, not to put our hands on the walls for fear of scorpions. I was shown the remains of a hole in the roof made by desperate prisoners from above, in order to reach those below, and, with their assistance, to escape through the lateral wall into a well, and so into the free air. It was a marvellous attempt, but unsuccessful. I think this must have been the worst of the Bourbonist prisons. I was, however, shown several places in the Vicaria, where cells had been built up by the new authorities, which might have been as bad.

There is a very fair infirmary in this prison, apart from the rest ; and the sick seemed well cared for.

Much has been altered here, if I am to believe what I am told. I was informed by an Englishman—on whose authority I have the right to place perfect confidence, and who has been in the habit of visiting this prison for some years—that he has frequently seen lads of eighteen or nineteen lying stark naked on the bare stones in the old times. I saw none. The power of the camorra is certainly broken. They can no longer take from their fellow-wretches their last sou and even their last miserable rags. They are carefully weeded out, and a considerable number of them were sent to Ponzo during my stay at Naples. Their political power, which was very great, has much diminished—the new King of Italy not seeing the advantage of bribing cut-throats to pillage his own people ; and it has been this playing into their hands by the Government and the police which has done so much to give them importance.

Since this persecution of the camorristi, the crime of Naples has diminished by two-thirds. I saw no men of the rank of Avitabile the dramatist, Persico, Fittipaldi, or Baron Pocerio, mixed up *pêle-mêle* with thieves and murderers, as I should certainly have done a few years ago. I saw not the slightest trace of cruelty or hard usage. I mixed freely with the prisoners, with liberty to extract what information I could. I saw them giving petitions, with the permission of the authorities, to an English gentleman, well known to them for his kindness and anxiety to relieve them as far as lay in his power—these petitions passing unread by the governor. I saw the prisoners permitted to see their friends. I saw the men at work, altering part of the prison. I saw where dungeons had been lately walled up as unfit for use, and I saw the pleasure of the authorities when they received the sanction for still further improvements. There is much, very much, that is bad here; but the great error is certainly on the side of over-laxity, and not of over-severity.

The new plan will divide the large corridors into separate cells. Whether many of the prisoners will like the new state of things is questionable. When I next visit Naples I shall hear the Bourbonisti complaining of the barbarity of isolation.

This prison has a book for the remarks of visitors.

San Francisco is another old-world building, in the style of the Vicaria, but smaller. Originally it was used as a hospital for the various prisons, but now for the detention of prisoners sentenced to—I can hardly call it hard labour—but to the necessity of working. The interior is better suited to the requirements of a prison than most of those in Naples, and, with a little alteration, now commencing, will answer its purpose very well. It is to be divided into cells, and the dormitories so arranged that a guardian will be able to pass through them at night, and keep a constant watch on his prisoners. At present the windows of the dormitories open at once

on to the street, and communication is even more easy than at the Vicaria; but these things are all to be changed, and indeed are changing.

The prison at present contains ninety-eight condemned prisoners; two hundred and eleven “*giudicabili*,” who have not yet been tried, moved here from the Vicaria, to diminish the overcrowding caused by the *razzia* on the camorristi; and ninety-three sick, not, of course, all from this one prison.

The condemned are “in” for comparatively short periods, and are for the most part thieves, pickpockets, and, of course, homicides. They are all obliged to work, and are stimulated to do so by a progressive system of rewards. Those who do not choose to work at all are punished by bread-and-water diet, and solitary confinement; those who gain less than thirty centimes a day are obliged to content themselves with the prison allowance, which, by-the-bye, is ample and excellent; those who gain more than that sum have an increase of their rations; and those who gain more than fifty centimes a day have an occasional allowance of wine.

Besides these indulgences, a large percentage of their earnings is put by and handed over to them when they leave the prison, so that they may have some little start in life. Under the Bourbons the system was the same as that which for the present obtains at Nisida; every grain gained was squandered on the indulgence of the moment, and the discipline of the prison was seriously endangered. The introduction of the new system did not take place without difficulty. So serious a riot was raised—evidently by the camorristi, who were thus deprived of their perquisites—that one man was killed and several wounded. At present it works admirably: I saw the men working quietly and industriously at shoemaking, carpentering, and tailoring. There is, besides, a corridor fitted up with looms weaving the different textures for the prison dress; which, in the case of the condemned, is warm, comfortable, and clean.

That the bread-and-water system

answers, I had proof whilst in the prison. Passing a cell door, I saw a sharp, glittering, rattlesnake eye peering through the keyhole. I had the door opened; and there was my friend extended on his pallet at the other end of the cell, to which he must have darted like a shot, limp and penitent. Half an hour afterwards I met him in the weaving department, intensely busy. The way to a man's heart is sometimes through his stomach, even in decent society; and the route is still straighter in the case of these wretched brutalized semi-cretins.

The food here is abundant and excellent. Twenty-four ounces of bread, two large tins of minestra—a most excellent soup, made with prasta, haricots, lard, and other things—and water *ad libitum* to drink. In addition to this, those who chose to earn it have an extra dish. On the day I visited the prison this was a composition principally consisting of rice and lard—a dish which, for savour and flavour, would be acceptable anywhere. I tasted them all, and should have been most happy to have finished my portion.

The improvements here are—extension and development of the workshops—going on; and the entire alteration of the dormitory system, and division into smaller cells of the corridors, each door to have a wicket in it, to allow of nocturnal supervision—commenced. Each condemned man will have a neat little commode, with drawers, at his bed's-head, to contain his brush and comb and little personal comforts. I saw some of them finished, and others being made by the carpenter-prisoners, and the shutting out of the outer world by blinds like those in use in our suburban mad-houses, which admit light and air freely.

The alteration in the system of payments must be looked upon as a great improvement—more particularly as it is a death-blow to the machinations of the camorristi.

As I have already mentioned, there are a considerable number of men and boys here awaiting their trial. Some

amongst them were decent-looking fellows enough; but the greatest number were the lowest order of town rough and pickpocket—very vile indeed.

Through the kindness of the director, one room has been set apart for the manufacture of the persienne mats, so much used in the summer by Neapolitans. These men cannot be forced to work; but a large number gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of earning a few grains, and were interested in and proud of their work. This class of prisoner is merely transitory: as soon as the Vicaria has been put a little to rights, the whole of the St. Francisco will be devoted to the condemned.

Before I quit the prison proper, I should say that the learning to read and write is made obligatory on each prisoner by statute. The new chaplain, whose business it is to see after these things, has been appointed, but at the time I was there had not appeared on the scene of his duties.

It is hardly worth while to say much of the hospital part of St. Francisco, as it will shortly be abolished. It consists of a vast and lofty chamber with two lateral wards branching off from it at right angles. It is very clean and well-ventilated, and has a most lovely view towards Vesuvius; the beds are clean and comfortable, and the sick well cared for. Indeed, I think it quite equal, if not superior, to the great Hospital of the Incurables.

In the good old times, three years ago, the camorra reigned supreme in this hospital: the sick drank, fought, and gambled, as they liked, and that great vaulted hall could tell some strange stories. Some hints of the state of things will be found in Marc-Monnier's work. All these things are now utterly put a stop to, and the patients were as orderly as those of a London hospital.

Apart from the purely criminal part of St. Francisco are some cells which are occasionally used for political prisoners. In one of them I found the Cavaliere Quadromanni, a blind gentleman recently arrested on suspicion of having written a compromising letter in cipher, and

being implicated in the conspiracy—or perhaps more properly intrigue of—the Princess Sciarra, now confined in a suite of upper rooms at the Questura. Of course I have nothing to say for or against his arrest; I only have to do with the manner of his treatment when arrested. Here, as everywhere else, I found the greatest readiness to permit undisturbed communication with the prisoner. I and my companions were left perfectly alone with him, and the door closed. I can only say that he assured us that he had nothing whatever to complain of as far as his treatment was concerned; he expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the officials showed him all the kindness possible; and his only complaint was, that his servant, who was used to his ways, was not allowed to be permanently with him: though, owing entirely to the kindness of the director, he was permitted to be with him for a certain time each day, to serve his dinner and make his bed. He was, however, not alone; an old fellow-prisoner of Bishop's at St. Maria Parente, who curiously enough had been Inspector of Prisons under the Bourbons, was in the same room with him. The room

was perfectly clean, tidy, and wholesome, with decent furniture, clean beds, books, and writing materials. In fact, barring being a prisoner, there was not the slightest ground of complaint. His being placed here at all was from a kindly feeling. "It is impossible to put a gentleman with us" said a higher official from the Vicaria who was with me. Is there no improvement here, O ye readers of Gladstone's letters?

In fine, I have to state that I was most favourably impressed with the frankness, kindness, and readiness to give information shown by every officer of this prison. They are all most anxious to continue their improvements; and the news of the Turin Government having sanctioned the improvements in the Vicaria, which was communicated to them whilst I was with them, was received with evident pleasure. Every door that was pointed at was immediately unlocked, and the utmost freedom of communication allowed. It is impossible to look into the frank honest eyes of the head of the prison without feeling convinced that he is a man determined to do not only his duty, but as much more as may be required of him.

BABEL: A PHILOLOGICAL EXPOSITION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WE are really glad for the English public's own sake to see the Science of Language beginning to claim its fair share of popularity among us. People are, at last, opening their eyes to the suspicion that a cheap and everyday pleasure has been lost by their unacquaintance with the composition of that medium through which their thoughts and feelings are momentarily sent into circulation; and Philology, as has been proved by the success of Professor Max Müller's well-known *Lectures*, is coming into fashion. Not that the subject has ever been absolutely ignored; it has, on the contrary, given rise to

numberless speculations, among which have been some of the most fantastic that ever were broached. Yet why, in England at least, has there been so little of close scientific research in so promising a field? why have people been so ready with guesses, yet never fairly looked facts in the face; and how comes it that we still find persons, sane and sensible on all other subjects, letting nonsense run mad from their mouths, whenever they talk upon this?

Chiefly, we suspect, because the impulse to rational inquiry was overruled at its outset by an impression that language and all its phenomena were

miraculous products, and, as such, not proper subjects for scientific investigation. Thenceforth, no absurdity was too gross or too tumid to swallow. The popular belief settled pretty much to this:—that the language in which the elder revelation was embodied was the primitive one which unfallen man was divinely empowered to compose; and that this prevailed uniformly till after the Flood, when, by a tremendous supernatural explosion, all the world's present languages, struck, with some changes and additions, out of the mass of the old one, were blown, like the tiles of a bomb-smitten house, into the respective places where each still remains in perpetual memory of the way it came there. These new specimens of linguistic creation did therefore in such sort enclose particles of the original material, that in a certain attenuated sense we may pronounce "all languages derived from the Hebrew." This latter, now miraculously rendered meaningless for all the "children of Eber," ran its course as the vehicle of the Jewish Canon, upon the close of which it passed into unexplained oblivion, to be revived perhaps in the Millennium, or at least in the grand Restitution of all things.

We are not aware that this description libels our grandparents' ideas of Glossology; nor does it, as we have good reason to know, caricature those of some of their grandchildren either. Müller, in his valuable lectures alluded to above, treats as an exploded anility the belief in Hebrew as the primitive language. However it may be abroad, we know Englishmen with whom Parkhurst's *Hebrew Lexicon*—a work based and built up on that assumption, and crammed with the most unimaginable etymological fables—is still good authority; and there are many who, when put to it, would sturdily refuse to budge a point beyond the view of the dispersion of languages taken by Cardinal Wiseman in the second of his *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*, which is not far removed from the one already sketched. These worthy folk might listen with fascination to the minor revelations of philology,

but, the first moment they realized that its final deductions never can consist with their treasured belief concerning the origin and diversity of language, would repel with anathemas the strongest syllogism that might disprove it for them, and that all the more vehemently in proportion as they felt the strength of the proof.

And yet, while we smile at the absurdities into which our forefathers were led by their reluctance to pursue this class of researches, we may as well give them credit for the scruples which held them back. No right-minded person could wish to inspect minutely that which he had good reason for believing to be the immediate, and not the mediate, act of God. But the question still remains—have we good reason to regard as miraculous every fact which strikes us as certainly marvellous? and it is here that we cannot acquit our progenitors of some falling off in their duty as reasonable creatures. When a supposed apparition is seen, no better rule can be given than to approach steadily and gaze upon it intently; it will be time to withdraw to a respectful distance when, by the phantom's manifestly preternatural aspect, we are convinced that it is an outstanding object from another world. Not even a ghost can complain of our staring at it hard enough to make sure of its ghosthood; and so not even piety forbids our examination of a professed miracle.

We need then merely suggest one or two simple and practical tests, which, when we find ourselves in presence of a fact supposed to be supernatural, it may be as well to apply before we even think of admitting it into that venerable category. (1.) First, however anomalous or inexplicable the fact in question may appear to ourselves, have we duly consulted the experience of our neighbours or predecessors as to the occurrence of the same or its like on other occasions? Because, should it turn out on inquiry that what we conceived to be isolated and unique in the course of things, actually was frequently recurrent, and elsewhere well known, we have the best possible ground for suspecting that our first

impressions in this instance have hardly been true ones. *Continual recurrence*, proved with regard to an event, is fatal to its pretensions to the miraculous; for a miracle is a marvel intensified, but that which ceases to be rare, is no longer even a marvel. (2.) *A fortiori*, *invariable sequence* as regards something else makes us still less willing to attribute to any event the reputation of a miracle. Thus, if spectral apparitions ever became not only notoriously frequent, but the unailing concomitants of some other class of occurrences, they would pass still further from the rank of the supernatural; and our principal interest in them would be to trace the link which connected the cause with the effect, and to assign them their proper place in the providential order of the universe. We may in truth compress the value of both our tests into one word, and assume that whatever deserves in any way the name of a miracle,—whether this be defined as a temporary suspension of law, or as the unusual intervention of a higher law; whether it be taken as, in common parlance, supernatural, or as, in Mr. Mansel's sense, natural—must bear this essential mark, that with respect to that established order of things on which human calculations are founded, and for which man's constitution is adapted, such fact must be clearly not the rule, but the *exception*. In applying this test to prevalent impressions concerning linguistic phenomena, we pledge ourselves, since we can neither quote nor name one half the authorities we shall have to use, to employ as data no statements not generally admitted by those who have made the Science of Language their special study.

But, with respect to the first-mentioned of these persuasions—namely, in the words of a public character who, as a preacher from the pulpit and the press, still has his followers, that Hebrew is “that...magnificent...mother-tongue from which all others are but distant and debilitated progenies”—we know not

how to deprecate the scorn of the philological world for bestowing on such a notion one minute's grave attention. What is that monstrous shape of many-headed absurdity, or what that grotesque misconception of insane aberrancy, of which, to any eye familiar with the general view of the boundlessly varied field of human speech, it recalls the likeness? To our mind, the juggler who produces, out of one pint-measure, a hundred different lengths of string, ribbon, and ship's-cable, a flock of pigeons, a litter of rabbits, and a score of other the most heterogeneous articles and objects, were not half such a conjuror as the man who with the least show of legitimate deduction could derive all languages from Hebrew. Parents must beget “progenies” in their own likeness, after their kind; or where is the proof of the parentage? If all languages then were the offspring of Hebrew, in Hebrew will the germs of all be found. If Hebrew was the protoplast of speech, after Hebrew will all other forms of speech have been modelled. Was it therefore out of Hebrew—in which, if the idea of a compound term was ever actually realized, it just threw off a few fragmentary abortions and then perished for ever—that Sanskrit unrolled its system of voluminously-polysyllabic composition, by which a single word may be spread over a sentence, or stretch, in simple style into twenty or thirty, in complex into a hundred or a hundred and fifty combined articulations? Was it from the Hebrew verb, in which the notion of mood never existed at all, and that of tense was never distinctly evolved, that the Romans learned those refinements of the subjunctive which cost the modern so much pains to acquire; or was it thence that certain African tribes developed that triple set of preterites and futures, in which the first perfect denotes the events of the bygone portion of to-day, the second those of yesterday, and the third those of the day before that; while in like manner the first future particularizes something as expected in the remaining part of to-day, and the second and third what may be looked for to-

¹ “The Great Tribulation,” by Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. Eighth Thousand. 1860. p. 4.

morrow and the day succeeding? Was it after the Hebrew noun, which, as we find it, has at most but two inflections proper, and those of number, that the Aryan of old fashioned his apparatus of eight case-endings; or did the Caffre elaborate his euphonic concords, by which the first syllable of a noun determines its relation to others in the sentence, out of Hebrew, in which such a principle is utterly unknown? We might go over all the families of language and show that in every one of them, except that to which Hebrew specially belongs, there are formations which never could have come from any ova, which the keenest glossological anatomy could detect in the Hebraic matrix. Out of nothing nothing used to come; nor, we believe, to the end of time will anything come. In fact, of the whole world's languages, Hebrew, in its internal development the poorest member of the least expansive class, is the most unpromising candidate any one could set up for the honour of universal progenitor. Such a notion out-Darwins Darwin a hundred times over. Figs from thorns, palm-trees from caraway-seeds, or banyans from raisin-stones were improbabilities of a minor order compared to the bowery ramifications and umbrageous foliage of American polysynthesis and Iranian inflectionism generated from such a very dry tree as the Palestinian Semitic. So, the stock would be the stunted and "debilitated;" the "progenies" the "magnificent"-ly flourishing and fructiferous. And, if we are told that the theory of miraculous additions at the moment of separation accounts for the superiority of these Hebrew "progenies" over their supposed parent, the answer is, that these so-called additions are part and parcel of the vital constitution of the languages, and sufficient to detach them from any conceivable connexion in the quarter where it is sought to affiliate them. Additions such as these might make an elephant out of a tadpole; but the creature, with so much added to its essence as well as its bulk, would by that very fact pass into a new genus,

and forsake its own identity. But more than enough of a fallacy which to a philological *Punch* or *Fun* might supply a weekly *bonne bouche* of the risible by undergoing a new *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet that we have not been exposing an imaginary folly, the quotation at the head of this paragraph testifies. The book referred to came out only three years ago, and reached at least its "Thirteenth Thousand," so omnivorous in such matters is English credulity; and again, while we write, we find the same nonsense repeated only last year, in a¹ volume with the same notorious name on the title-page.

Let us pass to the problem of diversity of human speech. This is represented in the narrative upon which popular impressions are founded as the result of a divergence. There was a period when language was uniform, and an epoch when it ceased to be so (Gen. XL 1—9.) We will propose then a simple hypothetical syllogism. A miracle is, with respect to the world's general course, exceptional: if therefore the divergence of language be, in this respect exceptional, it is a miracle—if otherwise, not.

To him who would gather proofs that all the revolutions which human speech has ever undergone were events which took place in entire harmony with the regular economy of things, all history, whether of society or of language (for the two are inseparable), is like a fruit-garden, whose laden branches bend down their ripe and copious burthen into his hand. The encumbrance of such a wealth of demonstration is overwhelmingly greater than he knows how to set out before another. But it is of the divergence of languages that we are now to speak.

1. Reverting then to our first test, if the event we connect with the name of Babel was miraculous, it will cer-

¹ "Things Hard to be Understood." By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. 1862. p. 50. There is in the whole book no "thing" more "hard to be understood," than the audacity of reproducing such an effete absurdity after the merciless and well-merited showing-up it had received in the *Saturday Review*.

tainly not be a recurrent one. Yet what does investigation teach us? That Babel, in the sense of such a splitting-up of language as stops intercommunication among peoples who once could understand each other, has happened over and over again, in times when no mortal, inspired or uninspired, scientific or rustic, ever pretended that supernatural intervention had anything to do with it. Even in Europe, our knowledge of the history of literature enables us to take in review the principal linguistic phenomena of the last two thousand years—a period, according to all credible testimony, quite barren in this quarter of the world of miraculous interference in the general course of things. In the extreme north, within the latter half of that space of time, we shall meet with our most luminous and instructive example. We have only to go back eight hundred years from this date, to find all over Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland one uniform tongue prevalent among all classes. And we have only to look at the present condition of things to discover this singular alteration—that, while the original language has remained without substantial change in Iceland alone, in Sweden it has taken one new form, and in Denmark and Norway another; so that there are now three languages where there was but one, and he who possesses a native knowledge of only a single member of the trio must learn the other two with grammar and dictionary. Here then is at once a “Confusion of Tongues” occurring under the very eyes of history. The power of instantaneously exchanging ideas, and therefore of immediate sympathy, has vanished from among these peoples; there is a Babel of jarring sounds where there was agreement in pronunciation, and a vocabulary in many points different where there was uniformity of nomenclature. And that which gives to this case its paramount right to the place of honour in the list of examples is, that here the ancient language, instead of expiring altogether, still, as if to invite comparison with

the newer ones which have grown out of it, maintains its existence in one province of its old domain. Generally, whenever linguistic unity has been broken up, it has been so broken up that no single member of the plurality resulting from the disruption could make the least claim to substantial identity with the original tongue. Here, however, we have before our eyes the newer formations of recent days, while side by side with them stands, as it were, the primeval rock from which they were hewn, as a visible witness to the possible multiplication of languages, and the process by which the new ones are formed.

For our second case, we need only trace back the stream of time about a thousand years, to find among the languages of Anglo-Saxon England, of Holland and Lower Germany, and of Upper Germany, a resemblance which certainly amounted to mutual intelligibility. The great mass of words in the languages spoken over this area was essentially the same, varied only by dialectic difference; and the structure of the grammar, except in some of the person-endings of verbs, was identical or analogous. Yet now, whatever radical affinity scientific dissection may reveal among the three prominent forms of speech in the countries above-named—i.e. German, Dutch, and English—it is found that, though German has changed least, and Dutch less than English, practically a person speaking only one of these needs an interpreter for the other two. Once a national song might without translation have gained popularity over all these lands; now there are three wholly distinct, and in many points unsympathetic, literatures. So here again is a historical Babel.

Furthermore, in the south of Europe, a retrospect of fifteen hundred years will show us the entire body of the influential classes throughout the modern Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Wallachia, and other countries also, using as their mother-tongue the Latin language with such perfect uniformity, that no scrutiny can

detect among which of the populations above-named a Latin book of that period was produced. Yet now we have, of languages and literatures derived from the disintegrated Latin, no less than six prominently distinct, and, of minor forms of the same, a great many more. A Spaniard and an Italian may doubtless acquire each other's language more readily than a German or a Hollander would that of either of them; but without this special acquisition all interchange of thought and feeling is at an end among these respective nations apparently for ever.

Now it is impossible to look back from these three cases of mutual unintelligibility introduced among populations who originally had the power of intercommunication, and not to see that in their nature and consequences they are exactly parallel to the event described in Gen. xi. 1—9. There is the same loss of the power of interchanging ideas, and the same result—the impossibility of co-operation for the want of it. Yet the chronicles of the times in which these disruptions of language took place, full as they are of the marvellous and the pretended supernatural of all kinds, contain not even a hint of linguistic miracles, and the actual divergences were effected so quietly that there is hardly a definite notice of their occurrence at all.

But the reasoning stops not here. In two out of these three cases we have before us the original tongue from which the newer ones branched off, and in the second of the trio we know of a condition in which the branches still formed virtually one stem: so that by analysis we can determine with scientific precision the degrees of likeness and unlikeness which these related languages bear both to their original and to each other. Hence, when elsewhere we find in other groups of languages exactly the same relation between the several members of each group as we do here, analogy forbids any other conclusion than that there also we have the results of the comparatively recent disruption of a single language into several fragments;

although of that individual tongue we may have neither record nor specimen. Thus, in the eastern half of Europe, we find among the so-called Slavonic family—viz. the Polish, Russian, Servian, Bohemian, &c.—just about the same degree of difference and resemblance as exists among the six descendants of the Latin; and, therefore, though we cannot produce the older language, collateral with the Latin, from which these Slavonic ones are sprung, we are justified in ascribing their separate existence simply to the occurrence of a Babel. Furthermore we find the same relation prevailing in that class of which Hebrew itself is a member; viz., the Arabic, Aramaic, Ethiopic, &c. In Oceania we hit upon an analogous group comprising the languages of New Zealand, Hawaii, Tahiti, &c.; in Australia the same thing is repeated; and so on in numberless places. And thus, as we survey the globe, we see its surface everywhere dotted with the site of a Babel; until at last we learn that the splitting-up of one language into several is so far from being an isolated or unusual event, that it is as commonly recurrent as any in history—pre-eminently defective indeed in the very first qualification of a miracle—rarity. Compelled, then, to decide that the divergence of language is frequent enough to be rather the rule than the exception, we cannot escape the conclusion, that, tried by our first test, Babel fails altogether to support its miraculous character.

And here we have space only to glance at what, for symmetry of nomenclature, we will call the *Convergence* of Language. If the term divergence denotes the fact that people who originally used but one language come to use several, we may call it a *convergence*, when peoples once using more than one language come to use but one. The immense diffusion of Latin, about A.D. 300 or 400, was a remarkable instance of such convergence. Populations, speaking the Gaulish, the Cantabrian, the Etruscan, the Oscan, the Umbrian, &c., &c., converged linguistically in the direction of Rome, by for-

saking their mother-tongues and taking up hers. And in parts of the same area there have been examples of convergence of a second order since the grand disruption of Latin between the fifth and ninth centuries of our era. Catalonia, possessing a language of Latin descent, converged towards Castille, when she discarded this, the native Catalan, from her law-courts and from all the serious intercourse of life, and adopted another tongue of similar origin—the standard Castilian of the united Spanish monarchy. Southern France also began to converge towards Paris, when the noble and beautiful *Langue d'Oc* was displaced from its official and literary throne, and the poor and meagre *Langue d'Oïl* was made to reign in its stead. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind was, when Syria, Egypt, Palestine, Babylonia, Northern Africa, &c., so converged in the matter of language towards Mecca, that, at this moment, an author in Arabic may command a public of eighty millions. Literally, the world, "from China to Peru," is as full of convergences as of divergences; and, since this class of changes—the exact reverse of the former—equally with it takes place without the slightest movement of the supernatural, it so far contributes to augment the general impression of the non-miraculous character of linguistic vicissitudes:

These, then, have been proved recurrent, and thus far not exceptional. But can we, in the application of our second criterion, go further, and discover other events with which they stand connected in invariable sequence? And, further still, do these events bear to them the relation of the causes which produce them? Undoubtedly we can.

2. For, when we seek for the causes of these revolutions, we see on the surface of the inquiry the general body of language incessantly changing beneath the sway of two great forces, the *Centripetal* and the *Centrifugal*. Here, in a certain mass of populations, we behold a tendency to draw together linguistically round a particular centre of union;

and there, in a certain other, a tendency to fly off from such a centre. But, penetrating the surface, we find these two linguistic powers to correspond exactly to two social forces, the *Centralization* and *Decentralization* of government and nationality. On the one side, centralization—the centripetal force—convergence of language:—on the other, decentralization—the centrifugal force—divergence; in unvarying order, with regularity as precise as that of the limbs of an engine at work, do the members of these two triple sets of cause and effect hasten after each other. A strong government is erected in a particular spot, it extends its powerful gripe over the peoples around, its seat becomes the nucleus of an empire, and the centralizing process begins. Politically, the populations are drawn closer and closer together; and, linguistically, the Centripetal force now starts into action. Nations brought perpetually into contact at one and the same centre of social and civil relations, need a means of communication; and, as they revolve upon their common axis, they toil and travail to discover or create one; until either they become universally imbued with the language dominant at the central point, or at that point is formed, by the united contributions of all, a language which all ultimately accept. Either way there is gradual unification of speech, or, in our own phraseology, *Convergence of Language*; and this probably lasts for a space. But in process of time the wheel of destiny turns round in the contrary direction. The consolidated empire grows aged, paralysed, and devoid of vigour; it can no longer hold together the masses it has drawn into union, and decentralization sets in. The circle of compacted populations, released from their political gravitation towards a common point, breaks off into independent segments, which either form centres within themselves, or are whirled away by attraction, willing or unwilling, towards other centres external to the general mass. Now then, the Centrifugal forces of language come into play.

The severed portions of the once united community, no longer detained in political association, cease to hold mutual intercourse, and have, therefore, no motive for regulating their speech after the same model. Terms, idioms, and pronunciation, originating at the newly-formed centres, are diffused through the new circles to which these belong; each centre evolves its own linguistic peculiarities, and, as there is no inducement to bring any one circle into conformity with another, in course of time these differences accumulate, until the language of each becomes so individualised that mutual intelligence is at an end. Or those fragments, which have been drawn away by the attraction of centres altogether foreign, converge linguistically towards the points upon which, politically, they gravitate, and become in this respect identified with them. Any way, among the members of the original mass there is constituted, in our phraseology, *Divergence of Language*—in that of the Bible, "Confusion of Tongues," or, briefly, a BABEL.

The laws then which regulate the variations of languages are the laws which govern the fluctuation of societies. Unity of language among a large population is in itself no more marvellous than the union of so many individuals in one community; and the divergence of language is no more miraculous than the disruption of such a community. Yet let it not for a moment be forgotten that the forces which effect the convergence or divergence of language, are sometimes energized by other agencies besides the political. The fact that the sword and sceptre have been the most potent instruments in linguistic revolutions only represents the homely truth that to ordinary minds main force is the most cogent of all imaginable persuasives. But it remains unfailingly true, that, whenever a certain group of populations has been induced to accept a language not native to them, they did so in consequence of a certain attraction or impulsion—if not political or military, at any rate religious, intellectual, or perhaps ethical—towards

the centre whence that language proceeded. Or, if peoples once united in language became disunited again, we may with perfect confidence aver that they have been so owing to the cessation of some such centralizing force. It is not our fault that we must, at present, rather suggest than develop the laws which govern the agreement or disagreement of mankind in this matter, and that we can afford only the faintest outline of illustration. We cannot in a single paper write the world's history on linguistic principles, and show, as would be quite possible, that all the great alterations of language have uniformly coincided with great social mutations, and that an exact measure of the political coherence of a given population is supplied by the degree of uniformity in its speech. All the most remarkable convergences and divergences which have been already alluded to within the Latin area correspond precisely with the principal turns of the political destiny of those regions. The linguistic fact, that about A.D. 400 all these numerous populations had accepted the tongue of Rome, is only the obverse of the social fact, that Rome had for them become the pivot upon which all their interests, civil, moral, and intellectual, were revolving. And ever since the epoch when, through the Barbaric Irruption, Rome ceased to be this, the number of languages sprung from the Latin has tended to vary as the number of states at that time existing within the ancient Roman territory. In the Iberian peninsula Catalan decays and declines, because the realm of which it was the vernacular has been absorbed by the kingdom of Castile, which, having annexed two-thirds of the Trans-Pyrenean region, and centred its sway at Madrid, has made its language predominant throughout all Spain, under the native and only correct title of "La Lengua Castellana." Portuguese, on the other hand, still holds its ground, because Portugal resolutely rejected this Castilian centralization. In France, the Provençal only gave way before Nor-

thern French, when the virtually independent feudatories in the South, whose native tongue it was, were swallowed up by the all-engulfing vortex of Parisian centralization. And the cause that in Italy the popular dialects are more numerous and important than in any other country in Europe, is simply that in no country has there been, in mediæval and modern times, less of political union round any one centre. The sole form of the linguistic centripetal force which modern Italy has ever yet experienced, was the intellectually-centralizing power of Tuscany; and this we accordingly find denoted by the true name of the standard dialect of education and refinement, "*La Lingua Toscana*." All over the globe the same laws hold good. In the dissolution of the old Scandinavian linguistic unity, Norway, in defiance of all antecedent geographical probability, accompanied Denmark and not Sweden, because her political centre was Copenhagen and not Stockholm. The centripetal force was energized by the Danish spirit of centralization, and, therefore, between these two kingdoms no divergence of language took place. Now, on the other hand, Norway chafes and fumes beneath the once welcome yoke of the Danish language, and casts about for any means, natural or artificial, to work out for herself a form of speech the laws of which shall be enacted in her own metropolis, because she has risen into a self-governing commonwealth, under no foreign control but the merely nominal presidency of the Swedish crown. At present, therefore, in Norway the centrifugal force is restlessly active, because the decentralization with regard to Sweden and Denmark is complete. If again we are asked why, throughout the enormous length and breadth of Madagascar, the language is one, the answer is indicated by the vigorous centralization which the conquering race of the Hovas, who first united the island under one sway, have organized in their capital Antananarivo. Or would we know why in Borneo, hardly a larger island, the languages count, it is

said, by hundreds, the reason is found in that total absence of any great centralizing power, which leaves the various tribes practically in anarchical independence. Apparent exceptions there are to these rules, but we have yet to meet one which, conscientiously scrutinized, would not end by contributing to support the law it appeared to contravene. Although we rightly described the linguistic forces as usually "*hastening*" into activity in the immediate train of the political ones, there are instances where some perceptible delay intervenes. Thus, in New Zealand, where the political phenomena of Borneo are found to co-exist with the linguistic phenomena of Madagascar, the language itself, subjected to analysis, yielded evidence that the absence of a central and unifying force was but recent; too recent in fact, to have set the centrifugal forces of language into any noticeable action. Then, again, there are the cases where the contending attractions of two strongly opposed political centres make it for a time uncertain in which direction the object of their contest will linguistically be drawn. Thus Austrian bureaucracy is powerfully exercised to make Vienna the political centre for Hungary, and therefore to absorb her linguistically into the great circle of German. Magyar nationality, at present with at least equal pertinacity, drags her towards Pesth, and strains every nerve in support of the Magyar language. Still the general principle of the relation of the two classes of forces is maintained: in proportion as Hungary has been in danger of political absorption by Austria, her native tongue has been feeble, corrupt, and in peril of extermination by the imperial German; in proportion as her national spirit was alive and energetically opposed to Austria, her language was vigorous and sturdily maintaining its ground. Slesvig is an exactly analogous instance. Whether that Duchy will ultimately depend upon a Danish or a German political centre, time only can show; yet, that, according as that centre shall be Copenhagen or Frankfort, the language of Copenhagen

or of Frankfort will gain complete ascendancy in the territory, there is no room for doubting.

From what has preceded, it follows that, in proportion as the Centrifugal or the Centripetal forces are more active in the world, so will the tendency of languages be to increase or to diminish in number. But, as these linguistic forces are the direct representatives of the decentralising or centralising influences which prevail in human communities, we may at once express the formula thus:—that, in proportion as society tends to be stable or unstable, so will the number of languages be small or great. In an infinitely unstable condition of society, the number of languages might therefore become indefinitely great. Yet it is a mere truism to say, that at no epoch of its existence can human society have been so abundantly charged with all the elements of instability as at the very earliest. Precisely those disturbing causes which make civil and political life so much more unsettled in America than in Europe—which engender the aggressive arrogance of the (once) United States abroad, and their fratricidal dissensions at home—which produce the chronic anarchy of Mexico, and the endless revolutions of South America—namely, the superb self-esteem of these parvenu peoples, the natural turbulence of their national juvenility, and their ignorance of their true interests, must, whatever notion we form of the human family in its first extension, have operated all through it with uncontrollable power. The New World is socially unstable as contrasted with the Old, simply because it is new; and yet there is no comparison between the Transatlantic states whose founders brought across the sea the experience of ages, and which are still in great measure guided by the influence of the mother-countries, and the absolutely novel position of the race of men, supposed to find themselves for the first time expanding into an unwieldy multitude, without one precedent to steer their course by, or a single memory of national chastise-

ment to curb their excesses. For instance, the hold on the American mind which European literature and traditions, both sacred and secular, still possess, quite accounts for the fact that, though politically those countries have wrenched themselves free of Cis-atlantic centres, no linguistic divergence (notwithstanding the audible warnings of its approach) has yet come to pass between them and us. Unity of speech is still maintained by all such associations as made Washington Irving¹ delight, when a child, in nursery rhymes about London Bridge, and come, as a man, on pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey; the centrifugal tendency generated by political antipathy, is much more than overcome by the centripetal forces which are energised by the best impulses of feeling and intellect. And so we may conceive a strong traditional reluctance in the growing progenies of men to quit definitively some ancestral seat which they revered as the cradle of the race and umbilicus of the world; and we may well fancy them, as the stringent wants of the whole body, and the thickening conflict of interests among its several portions, expelled each successively from the ancestral centre, to have longed that some landmark might arise of such aerial altitude, that, however far their enforced migrations might drive them, their reverted eyes might never quite lose the local bearing of their ancient home. Such a sentiment might very well coexist with the discovery that a universal human federation was practically impossible: and all analogy instructs us that exactly those causes which forcibly decentralised the living mass, must, without any aid from a miraculous linguistic explosion, have stimulated the centrifugal forces of language into a violence and velocity of action to which after ages can show no parallel. And here let us anticipate the objection, that, since all the cases of divergence of language which have been enumerated required the lapse of centuries for their completion, they can bear no legitimate comparison with a "Con-

¹ "Bracebridge Hall." First and last chapters

fusion of Tongues" which is described as immediate. The obvious answer is, that, since the decentralising and centrifugal forces act with a power directly proportionate to the immaturity and consequent instability of society, at its origin they must have produced, in an incalculably shorter space, effects for which now their enfeebled activity requires a long one. Yet, even in our own days, we have the testimony of a trustworthy missionary to the fact, that among such unsettled communities as the outcast Bechuana, who are excluded from the central gatherings of the nation, "in the course of a single generation the entire character of the language is changed."¹ To sum up then, regarding the narrative of Babel in this light, we gather from it nothing more than the natural unwillingness of man to break up the family union of the race; we see this unwillingness overpowered by the invincible necessities of the position; and we find the involuntary separation

embodying and perpetuating itself in such a divergence of language as banished for all time the hope of a restored unity. At length, therefore, in judging of this last occurrence, we are not only enabled finally to dispense with the supernatural, but are obliged to pronounce an event so clearly convicted of the commonplace, to be for ever debarred from competition for the majesty of a miracle.²

¹ Moffatt's "Missionary Labours, &c. in Southern Africa." 1842. p. 11.

² According to Rev. F. W. Farrer ("An Essay on the Origin of Language," p. 26, note), views with respect to Babel substantially identical with these were held both by St. Augustine and St. Gregory of Nyssa. We have not cared to verify his references: for, since neither of these fathers was in possession of the scientific evidence of the case, their inferences must be more or less conjectural. Still it is worth noticing, that both these earnest thinkers well knew how to distinguish between the duty of intellectual submission in matters of faith, and the privilege of inquiry in matters within the province of reason.

AMONGST THE MEDIUMS.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS IN THE FEDERAL STATES."

SOME people never look at advertisements; I always do. For my own part, having seen a good deal of the inner life of newspapers, I have come to the conclusion that the advertising columns give you more reliable information than any other part of the paper. The news I read may be true, or it may not; the leaders are doubtless very clever, but then, I cannot help feeling that it is highly improbable the writer knows anything more about the politics of Japan or the law of storms than I do myself; and the telegrams are concocted with an eye to the funds as well as with a regard for abstract truth. But the advertisements express facts and not theories. The advertiser wants either to sell or buy; and from the terms

and subject matter of his announcements, you can tell what it is that sellers and buyers are on the look out for. Now, as the whole of human society rests upon the principle of barter, a knowledge of the condition of the barter market tells you more about the state of your fellow men than any other information you can acquire. It may be a humiliating confession, but I believe the future historian of some centuries hence will gain a clearer insight into the social state of England by perusing the supplements of *The Times* than he would by reading through the more intellectual portions where the leaders and special correspondents' letters figure in all their glory. Whether I am right or wrong, at any rate, I hold the theory;

and acting upon it, I make a point of studying advertisements. Faithful to my principle, on the first morning after my arrival in New York, I sat down to a careful inspection of the advertising columns of the leading journals. The American papers have a system—which might be introduced here with great advantage—of arranging all advertisements under distinct headings, so that if you want anything, from a partner to a pair of boots, you know at once where to look for information. The first heading almost which caught my eye was "Astrology." I plead guilty to having broken through the *nil admirari* rule of polite society. In the enlightened nineteenth century, in one of the most civilized capitals of the globe, and in a community where education is probably more widely diffused than in any other in the world, Astrology could scarcely, I thought, be a recognised profession. So, however, it was. The advertisements which caught my eye were not accidental or local ones. With half a dozen exceptions, there is not a paper in the States, which does not publish daily the card of some Astrological professor or professors. The *New York Herald* had indeed an undue share of the patronage of the soothsaying connection, but hardly more so than corresponded to its immense circulation. Let me quote part of one day's Astrological column as a specimen:—

"ASTROLOGY.

"Astounding cures and divinations. If in ill health or trouble, consult Madame Clifford, unrivalled Business, Medical and Spiritual Clairvoyant, No. 107, Dean Street, corner of Hoyt, Brooklyn. She foretels events, detects disease, prescribes remedies, and finds absent friends. Business interviews 50 cents. Medical 1 dol. By letter, enclosing hair 2 dols."

"Mrs. F. T. Hays, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, can be consulted as usual at 36, Leroy Street, near Bleeker, to detect disease, find ab-

"sent friends, and prescribe remedies for all diseases. Business interviews 50 cents. Medical, 1 dol. By letter enclosing hair, 2 dols.

"Mrs. Addie Banker, Spiritual Medium, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, continues to give satisfaction, to numerous visitors day and evening, at her rooms 282, Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-second Street, second floor."

Probably these specimens will suffice. Any day there were some dozen such advertisements in the New York papers, and in the newspapers of the smaller cities there were generally two or three of a like description. Of these let me take one which appeared in a Western paper daily, and then the reader may consider himself adequately "posted up" in the advertising literature of American astrology.

"Astrology! Look out! Good news for all! The never-failing Madame Judith Feist is the best. She succeeds when all others have failed. All who are in trouble; all who have been unfortunate; all whose fond hopes have been disappointed, crushed, and blasted by false promises or deceit—all fly to her for advice and satisfaction.

"In love affairs she never fails. She shows you the likeness of your future husband or wife. She guides the single to a happy marriage. Her aid and advice have been solicited in a hundred instances; and the result has always been the means of securing a speedy and happy marriage. She is, therefore, a sure dependance.

"It is well-known to the public at large that she was the first, and is now the only, person in this country, who can show the likeness in reality, and who can give entire satisfaction on all the successes of life, which can be attested and proved by thousands, both married and single, who daily and eagerly visit her. To all in business her advice is invaluable. She can foretel, with the greatest certainty, the result of all commercial and business transactions. Madame Feist is a *bonâ fide* astrologist that

"any one can depend upon. She is "the greatest astrologist of the nineteenth century. Some ladies may be "a little timid, though they need not "fear, for she practises nothing but "what is reconcilable to philosophers. "In fact, a single visit will satisfy the "most fastidious of her respectability, "moral rectitude, and of the purity of "her profession and practice. All "interviews are strictly private and "confidential; therefore, come one, "come all!"

Throughout my life I have had a hankering after fortune-tellers and clairvoyants. I cannot say that I ever did see anything which surprised me. I can state still more positively, that I never expect to see anything of the kind; but yet I still retain the feeling that it would be extremely gratifying if I only could see anything. Actuated by this mixture of scepticism and curiosity, I have always taken the opportunity of visiting any of these professors of mysterious powers, whom I came across; and in consequence I resolved to go and see what these American astrologists had to say for themselves. In relating my experience I have altered the names and localities, as I have no wish, in case these lines should be read across the Atlantic, to say anything that might affect the trade of these dealers in *diablerie*. I paid my money, and they gave me what they could in return, so that I have no cause to complain of them.

It was, I remember, on a cold winter day that I visited the celebrated Madame Z. in 100th Avenue, New York. The snow lay piled up on either side the streets; the ground was so slippery it was impossible to walk fast; and yet, unless you moved very rapidly, the cold seemed to get right into the marrow of your bones. However, at last I reached my destination—it is one comfort that you never can fail to find your way in New York—and on a rather dirty door I saw the name of Madame Z. inscribed on a brass plate, with the word "push" scrawled under it. I followed the direction, and found myself in a nar-

row and still dirtier vestibule, with another door in front of me, on which a placard was hung, calling my attention to a bell-rope dangling beside it. The object of this arrangement, I learnt on inquiry, was that timid visitors, who might not like being seen waiting at the astrologer's door, could drop in here when nobody was looking, and wait out of sight till the door was opened. On ringing the bell it was answered by a slipshod negro girl, the natural blackness of whose complexion was heightened by a long-continued abstinence from water, and who conducted me up a very tumble-down flight of stairs into a small back room, and there left me, telling me that her mistress was engaged, and would see me very shortly. The apartment where I was left to wait had a suspicious resemblance to the ante-chamber of a dentist's torture room. Over the mantelpiece there was a picture of the death of Washington. On the table there was a wax model of fruit and flowers, covered by a broken glass, and of a generally dilapidated appearance, as the roses had guttered down upon the pears, and the grapes had seceded from their stalks and amalgamated themselves in an unnatural union with the petals of the tulips. On a side-table there was a greasy backgammon board filled with address cards; a prayer-book which had lost one of its covers; a last year's number of *Lealie's* illustrated newspaper, with its middle page torn out; and a tattered edition of Emerson's "Representative Men." The only signs of the trade visible were a number of printed testimonials to the merits of Madame Z., several of them from persons described as clergymen, and a long handbill, which consisted of an ungrammatical attack on her brother or sister-professors in the black art, and especially derided the pretensions of a Madame X. who professed to be the seventh daughter of a seventh son. It was not a lively scene to wait in, and the rocking-chair creaked so abominably that it gave one the horrors to sit in it. The only diversion afforded me was that a small and impish-looking child used to open the door every two or three

minutes, grin at me, and then run away. Even this grew tedious by repetition, and, having warmed myself thoroughly, I was thinking of taking my departure, when the door leading towards the front room opened, and a very cracked voice summoned me to enter. I tried to look as grave as possible, and obeyed the summons. I was beckoned into a small alcove, very dark and singularly unsavoury in smell, lighted with a single jet of gas. In a sort of ticket-taker's box in this alcove Madame Z. was seated, dressed in black, and her face covered with a veil. Then, for the first time, I own I did feel uncomfortable. My fear arose not from nervousness, but from a simple reminiscence. There used to be at Naples, in the Garibaldian days, a veiled woman. In the day-time you never saw her. But late at night, as you were going along the deserted streets, and especially in the "Largo del Palazzo," you would find her treading noiselessly at your side. In a low, whispering voice she would begin begging alms "per la carità della Santa Madonna," and if you remained obdurate she would plant herself before you with the words "Vedi! vedi!" and then begin slowly, very slowly, to raise her veil. The effect was overpowering; the dread of what it was whispered you would see or rather what you would *not* see, overpowered all other considerations, and you gave gladly to escape the vision. Now when I looked at Madame Z. I fancied I saw the veiled woman of Naples again before me: and the idea that she might begin and lift her veil now, in this room where there was no possibility of escape, was too horrible to contemplate. However, the sound of her voice reassured me in a moment. That grating New England accent had never been bred in Southern Italy; and I took my seat in the chair placed in front of the opening, fearless of anything but fleas. I was asked whether I called for love, or business, or adventure. The last appeared to me the most hopeful topic, and I selected it forthwith. "The charge, sir, will be "one dollar paid beforehand, and fifty

"cents more if you like a magical "charm calculated to secure the wearer "health, happiness, and wealth." The charm I declined, and stated that my sole wish was to know my fortune; and I added, that, before entering on my future, I should like to hear something from her about the past. My soothsayer first inspected the dollar note, satisfied herself it was a good one, and then informed me, rather curtly, that my request was unreasonable. To learn the past required all sort of preliminary ceremonies, which demanded extra time and expense, whereas the future would be known with much greater facility. However, to show me that it was not want of power, but of will, which made her decline my request, she volunteered the information, that I came from a distant country and had taken a long voyage and was expecting letters. I grieve to add, in depreciation of this miraculous acuteness, that when I pressed her as to the name of my country, she first suggested France, and, seeing by my eyes that she had made a mistake, corrected herself to Holland. It was clear that her "forte" lay in the future, and so I awaited the disclosures with chastened impatience. A very dirty pack of cards were introduced from the lady's pocket. My hand was felt, the bumps of my head examined, and then, in a sing-song voice, I was told that I should be married—I forget how many times, but I know that it was more than twice; that there were people who wanted to do me an injury, and others who wished to do me good; that I should take a journey which would turn out to my profit; that I should get a letter with money in it, should beware of a tall man and a fair woman, and so on. I own that I thought my dollar cheaply earned; so I turned a deaf ear to the urgent entreaties that I could pay an extra quarter for a lucky number, and left Madame Z. not much the wiser for my interview.

My next visit was to the "beautiful "and accomplished Signorina X., the far-famed Zingarella of Castile." This time, there was very little pretence at mystery.

I was shown at once into a clean and respectably-furnished room; and in a very short time, the lady, who was advertised as having created a most unprecedented sensation in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, made her appearance. She was not very young, and I daresay had been good-looking enough some years before. As it was, in a strong light, and with the aid of paint, she would still have been a handsome woman on the stage, and her complexion was just brown enough to give some show of probability to her Zingarella origin. She assumed at once I wanted my fortune told, and began laying out the cards. There was something so ludicrous in the scene, that a smile passed over my lips. All of a sudden, to my amazement, my fortune-teller turned round to me with the words, "You don't believe all this stupid nonsense?" Thus interrogated, I confessed I did not. "Well, then," she answered, "no more do I." After this, all idea of learning the mysteries of the future was laid aside. But I fancied I might learn something of the present. So, on assuring the lady that I did not know a soul in the town, I told her that I had only come there as a literary man, anxious to make out something about the profession of fortune-tellers. The Signorina appeared flattered by the confidence, and proceeded to tell me a most romantic story about her own birth, and life, and marriage, of which I believed as much as I thought fit; and then, after explaining how reduced circumstances had induced her to take up the trade, she stated that since the war began her business had been a very good one. Ladies, she said, were her chief customers, and their object in visiting her was to obtain news of their sons and relatives who were in the war. She always made a rule, she stated, of telling them that the persons they were anxious about were safe and well; and so, at any rate, she sent them away happy for a time, and there was no great harm done to anybody. Her poorer customers came for lucky numbers in the lottery, and, as she truly added, she was as likely to

guess them as anybody. Every now and then people visited her to know their past and future, and then she made the best guesses she could; and what astonished her most was to find how often she guessed right. People had told her frequently that she must possess the power of second sight; but her own impression was—though she did not exactly put it in these words—that she only possessed a power of boundless impudence. Altogether, she impressed me as a very harmless impostor; and, if people are to fool away their money on fortune-tellers, I think it might have gone into many worse hands than those of the Zingarella of Castile.

I saw several other astrological professors both male and female. But only one gave me the least impression of being anything more than a vulgar charlatan. The one in question was a German Jewess, who carried on the business of astrologer in a town in the Far West. This lady had obviously made a good deal of money by her business. She had a carriage, and a farm, and negroes, and was much looked up to by the German population of the town, which was very large. When I went to visit her, the ante-chamber of her rooms was filled with well-dressed ladies, and her charges, as far as I remember, varied from eight shillings to a pound. The trick she exhibited to me, which consisted in displaying the portrait of a dead friend, was cleverly done, though not more so than many conjuring experiments I have witnessed; and the portrait itself was so very indistinct a one, that it might have served for the likeness of half a dozen persons I knew during their lifetime. The curious thing was—that, as far as I could judge, she really believed in her own powers of predicting the future. The fact that I knew the little town in Germany, where she told me she had been brought up, created a sort of acquaintance between us, and, during the half hour I spent with her, she spoke to me very openly; but I could not perceive any evidence of her disbelieving in her own professions. She

expressed great reluctance to using her power as a medium, on account of the exhaustion it entailed upon her. On the other hand, I should state that there was a wildness and excitability about her look and manner, which caused me to doubt whether she was altogether in her right mind. I overheard, by the way, two very lady-like women, who were waiting in the ante-chamber when I was there, whispering to each other that the astrologer in question had been known to raise the devil.

I made many inquiries as to the status of these American professors of the Black Art. Of course in its lower stages the business is not a very reputable one, and I suspect that the astrologers do a great deal in writing love letters, and raising small loans for their customers. Still fortune-telling is the staple of their trade; and, as a trade, it was completely recognised, and allowed to be carried on with absolute freedom. It was this fact which struck me most in connection with the whole matter. In this country we have "wise women" and obscure fortune-tellers, who carry on their business under cover, but they never get beyond the kitchen, and are constantly in trouble with the police. In America, any medium would be liable to punishment, if it could be proved that he had swindled his visitors out of money; but the mere fact of taking fees for fortune-telling is not considered either by the law or by public opinion as equivalent to obtaining money under false pretences.

In justice to the spiritualists, I should say that they would not recognise fortune-tellers as exponents of their creed. These astrologers are a sort of outsiders not admitted to the spiritual stock exchange. It is possible, so an orthodox believer would assert, that they may possess medi-istic powers; but their character deprives them of all authority. It so happened that accident threw me a good deal in the States among persons who believed more or less firmly in spiritual manifestations. Truth bids me add, that in the number of these persons

I found several of very remarkable force of mind and acuteness, whose testimony on any other matter I should reckon as of the highest value. The great difficulty I found in deriving information from them lay in the fact that the genuine believers were all enthusiasts on this particular point. It is not unnatural it should be so. If you hold a conviction which the rest of the world regards not only as untrue but absurd, it is impossible for ninety-nine men out of a hundred to bear the ridicule attaching to such a faith without becoming morbidly susceptible. When a man has got to that state of mind in which any objection as to the credibility of his statements is regarded as a personal offence, all that an inquirer can do is to take his evidence for what it is worth without endeavouring to sift it. I therefore attached comparatively little value to the remarkable incidents which believers told me they had witnessed with their own eyes. All I can say is, that the same amount of testimony as to any other series of facts would convince me there was some amount of truth in the stories circulated; and I do not know why I should except the evidence as to the spiritual manifestations from the operation of this general rule. One fact I learnt with regard to the subject—that from a certain popular point of view, the theory of spiritualism is not so childishly absurd as we are apt to regard it. Of course, to any educated mind there is something so utterly imbecile in the notion of a wilful table, that dances the polka at unseasonable hours, and a truant arm-chair, which runs up and down the kitchen stairs, that one's first tendency is to reject the whole subject as a tissue of twaddling absurdities. This tendency is aggravated by the fact that the creed of Spiritualism has attracted to it a perfect host of quacks and charlatans and a still greater multitude of fools. Anything more feeble than the American spiritualistic literature can hardly be conceived. The professors of the doctrine, the editors of its newspapers, and the lecturers on its truths are for the most part ignorant,

half-educated men and women, who have no notion what the laws of evidence really are, and who, even if they had a strong case, would ruin it by their inability to expound it plainly. Still for all that, the doctrine, as educated men explained it to me, is not one which it is impossible for a person of sense to admit as a hypothesis. As far as I could understand, it amounts to this:—Between this life and the next, there is—to use a physical phrase—no solution of continuity. After death and before death, the spirit, or whatever it is which constitutes the human entity, is exactly the same, subject only to certain differences in its external condition. The spirit can hardly be styled disembodied; it would be more correct to say that its body is invested with new and increased faculties. In a different medium the life of earth is continued, and the mortal character remains the same. It is not impossible, I think, for a thoroughly religious man to believe this doctrine, however little evidence it may rest upon. At any rate, in its elevated form, there is nothing in the belief inconsistent with a faith in the Divine government of the universe. If the reader grasps clearly this doctrine, he will perceive that its believers may think it removes many of the commonplace objections to Spiritualism. The spirits which the medium places in connexion with the earth are not, say they, beings of a different order from ourselves, but ordinary men, with all their faults and follies and vanities. They know very little more about the secrets of existence than we do ourselves; and indeed are hardly spirits at all in the received meaning of the word. It by no means follows that these visitors from another world should speak the truth. On the contrary, judging by the example of humanity, the probability is that they will not do so. The self-dubbed ghost of Shakespeare or Sophocles may be that of Smith or Simpkins, and the stories told by them under these aliases may be as false as their names. Moreover it is quite possible, or even probable, that

the mediums themselves may be guilty of exaggeration and deceit. The most candid advocates of Spiritualism admit that the laws by which communications between our sphere and another are regulated are but imperfectly known. A professed medium, therefore, whatever his powers may be, cannot always command success in his attempt to elicit responses from the spirits, and is under an immense temptation to make up for his failure by artificial deceptions.

Still, though I grant the logic of this argument, I never advanced far enough in my spiritualistic studies, to lose the sense of ludicrousness in the peculiar manifestations which I read and heard of. In the American organ of the Mediums, a certain New York banker—who, I should add, is a man of high character and good business repute—used to publish weekly accounts of his interviews with his deceased wife's spirit. Except that a vein of real though morbid feeling ran through his narrative, there was something inexpressibly absurd in the account of how his wife used to project herself before his vision with different degrees of distinctness, varying, as far as I could understand, with the composition of the atmosphere, and how on one occasion she evolved herself, so to speak, with such intense vitality as actually to implant a kiss upon his forehead. Then, too, there was a disembodied cobbler, who used to communicate his celestial experiences to the editor in the most delightful manner. He had not learnt spelling in a higher stage of existence, and had preserved what appeared to be—for spirits—an unusual degree of common sense. "Tell Jack and John," I remember his writing once, "that I often think upon 'the 'sprees' we had together. If 'they'll take my advice they won't 'have many more such goings-on; on 'the whole, I don't find that 'sprees pay 'up here.'" The exact words of the advice I cannot recall, but I know that the above convey the cobbler's meaning. I remember, too, a very distinguished American—whose character I respect too much to quote his name unnecessarily.

sarily—telling me gravely the following anecdote. He had been speaking in the afternoon at a political meeting, and had to speak at another in the evening, so that the time for dinner was extremely limited. Just as he and his friends were sitting down, a spirit began rapping about the room and lifting up the tables. Thereupon my informant communicated with the unseasonable visitor, complained to him, that, honoured as the company were by his appearance, still the time chosen was a highly inconvenient one, and induced him to retire into space and call again after dinner. Now this story was told me with perfect gravity by a man who possesses talent of a very high order, and has played no unimportant part in public life. That such a man should tell and believe such a story, is almost as astonishing a fact to me as that the story should be true.

While I was stopping at Boston, I was asked to witness a spiritual *séance* given by Mr. Foster, on his return from England. The performance was considered to be an eminently successful one; and I trust, that my kind friend Mr. F——, the gentleman at whose house the exhibition took place, will pardon my recital of our joint experiences. Personally, Mr. Foster did not impress me favourably; but then I should own that the renowned medium—to use a slang phrase—“shut me up” more completely than I think ever happened to me before or since. Before the *séance* commenced, it so happened that I was left for some little time in company with Mr. Foster and some of the visitors, who came to be present at the exhibition. For want of something to say, I began asking the Professor whether he had known certain literary friends of mine in London, who, I knew, took an interest in Spiritualism. For some cause or other the inquiry did not appear a pleasant one, and Mr. Foster put a stop to it by a stroke of genius. “No, sir,” was his reply, “my acquaintance did not lie amongst that class. Perhaps you, sir, were acquainted with my intimate friends, the duke and duchess of W——.” No retort

was possible, and the best course I could adopt was to subside into silence; and, after this, I felt no doubt that I was going to witness the exhibition of a very clever man, whether impostor or not. My criticism being thus silenced, Mr. Foster gave us some very gratifying intelligence as to the state of spiritual faith in England, from which I learnt that half the Peers and Cabinet Ministers in the United Kingdom were searchers after spiritual truth.

The party assembled to witness the performance was a very small one, there being only, including myself, six persons in all, three of whom were ladies. One of the gentlemen present was a very fervent believer in Mr. Foster's talents. The rest of us were, I think, perfectly impartial, and inclined to doubt the whole matter. Knowing, as I do, something of all the people present, the hypothesis that there was collusion between any of them and the medium would be more incredible to me than any conceivable explanation of what I witnessed. The process adopted for putting us in communication with the spiritual world was, I presume, the ordinary one. We all wrote down a number of names of dead persons on little slips of paper, rolled these up into pellets, and threw them into a heap on the table. During this time Mr. Foster had his back turned to us, and, I am convinced, could not, unless he had the power of seeing through the back of his head, have seen what names we had written. An alphabet and pencil were handed to us, and the spirits made themselves manifest by rapping as we touched in succession the letters of their names. These names were almost invariably spelt out correctly. Now, I am quite aware that what may be called the mechanical part of the performance might possibly be done by sleight of hand. The reading of the name inside the pellets, the spirit-writing on the paper, the marking of the name upon the arm in red letters, and the rapping itself may have been accomplished by a dexterous piece of conjuring. If I were asked my private impression, I should

say they were so accomplished. Still, though sitting close to Mr. Foster, and watching him intently, I utterly failed to catch any indication of the way in which the trick was done; and, if it was conjuring, all I can say is, that it was a very remarkable performance. Intellectually the exhibition of our spiritual visitors was not astonishing. We had the regular stock callers. Mrs. Hemans, if I remember rightly, appeared walking on the arm of Wordsworth; and, though no great admirer of either of these poets, I confess that their mental powers—to judge from the scraps of conversation they vouchsafed to us—did not appear to have improved by a residence in the unseen world. We had only one visitation which, whether from coincidence, or whatever cause, was really remarkable in itself. Amongst our company was a Miss H——, a young lady who had written one or two stories under a feigned name, which had attracted some share of attention. Her reputation, however, had not yet made its way beyond a very small circle; she had lived all her life in a distant State, many hundreds of miles away from Boston; and belonged to a family utterly unknown out of their own locality. She had just come on a short visit to Mr. F., whose acquaintance with her was solely of a literary character; and she was not known to a soul in Boston before her arrival there. The lady in question was a singularly simple and straightforward person, and, from what I saw of her, utterly free from affectation of any kind, and disposed to look upon the whole exhibition as a farce. At the moment when the rapping was the loudest, and the spirits were at their liveliest, and had discarded the slow process of spelling for the more expeditious one of direct communication through the medium, Mr. Foster turned suddenly to Miss H——, and told her that there was a spirit standing over her who wished to speak to her; and then, in language much more natural than that usually adopted by his communicants, proceeded to tell her that it was the spirit of a near relative. Now the lady,

whose name he then mentioned, had died some dozen years before; her name had not been written down; in as far as we could discern, the fact of such a person ever having existed, was utterly unknown to any single being in Boston except Miss H—— herself; and we could discover no reason to suppose that Mr. Foster could have expected to meet Miss H—— on this occasion till within a very few hours previously, or that there were any available means by which he could have obtained any information as to her family history. Of course this *coup* was a great success, and even the most sceptical among our party began to look astonished and feel uncomfortable. However, happily for our nerves, the excitement was cooled down by the next essay at spirit-divination. Amongst the names which one of our party had written down was that of a fictitious Mary Smith. In process of time a spirit bearing this appellation announced herself to the person who had written it down, and began to deliver a message of unctuous affection. Unfortunately the writer, who was an eminently truthful person, grew ashamed of the deception, and informed the company that she never knew a Mary Smith, and had only written down the name as an experiment. We all looked rather black, and fancied Mr. Foster must feel uncomfortable; but, to do that gentleman justice, he rose equal to the occasion. "You Miss——," he rejoined severely, "may not know Mary Smith; but how can you tell that the spirit of 'a Mary Smith is not present now?' How indeed? The argument was unanswerable, and my opinion of the great medium's cleverness was raised to a higher point than ever.

Still the failure, *re* "Mary Smith," does not explain the success, *re* "Miss H.'s relative." My personal experiences were not remarkable. An old acquaintance of mine, who died of consumption, informed me that he died by drowning, and then explained that he only meant he perished by a sudden death—a statement which was rather new than true. Spirits, however, do not take kindly to

me individually, and I am used by this time to their want of sympathy. And now, if the reader should ask what I believe about the matter, I must tell him plainly, that I do not know. I incline to total unbelief; but, then, my reason tells me, that it is very difficult to reject the testimony on which some of these mani-

festations rest. A very shrewd observer, who had studied the subject carefully, told me that, though he could never convince himself that there was anything in spiritualism, he could still less satisfy himself that there was nothing in it. And this, I own, is about my frame of mind.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Though feeling some hesitation in approaching (metaphorically) the editorial sanctum, there are occasions when diffidence is out of place; and I think you will allow that this comes under that category. But, without any further preface, I will plunge at once *in medias res*, and tell you my whole story from the very beginning.

The gentleman (and scholar) whom I wish to introduce to your notice is Mr. Henry Broughton, my earliest and most attached friend. Throughout our school career—which we passed together in the classic groves and along the banks of Radley—to call us Damon and Pylades would have been to ‘damn with faint praise.’ Together we chased the bounding ball; together we cleft the yielding wave (that is to say, until I was turned out of the fifth boat); together we studied; together we attended Divine worship; together we should have passed the hours of the night, had not the regulations of that excellent institution confined us to our separate cubicles. Our characters were admirably fitted to supply what was wanting in the other. My mind was of the class which develops late, and which, while it gives abundant promise to the observant eye, too often fails to be appreciated by those immediately around; his reached its maturity early. I was the more thoughtful and the intellectualler of the two; he the more practical and the quick-sighted. I

ofttimes found myself unable to express the high thoughts that welled up inside me, while he carried off all the school-prizes. In the fullness of time we followed each other to college—to the college ennobled by more than one enduring world-wide friendship—to the college of Tennyson and Henry Hallam. In our new phase of life we were still as intimate as ever at heart, though, outwardly speaking, our social spheres diverged. He lived with the men of action; I with the men of thought. He wrote and talked, wielded the oar and passed the wine-cup, debated on the benches of the Union high questions of international morality and ecclesiastical government; I conversed with a few kindred souls about, or pondered out in solitude, the great problems of existence. I examined myself and others on such points as these: Why were we born? Whither do we tend? Have we an instinctive consciousness? So that men would say, when they saw me in the distance, “Why was Simpkins born? Is he tending hither? Has he an instinctive consciousness that he is a bore?” I gloried in this species of intellectual persecution. I was the Socrates, Broughton the Alcibiades, of the University. His triumphs may be read in the Cambridge Calendar and the club-room of First Trinity; mine are engraven deep in the minds which I influenced and impressed with my own stamp. However, to come to the point, as we were loafing in the cloisters of Neville’s

Court on an evening in March, 1860, the conversation happened to turn on an Indian career. Broughton spoke of it with his wonted enthusiasm, maintaining that the vital object to be looked for in the choice of a line in life was to select one that would present a succession of high and elevating interests; I, on the contrary, was fired at the idea of being placed with almost unlimited power among a subject-race which would look up to me for instruction and inspiration. What a position for a philosopher! What for a philanthropist! Above all, what for a philosophic philanthropist! We forthwith sent in our names for the approaching competitive examination. For the result of that examination I do not pretend to account. Broughton, who was lamentably ignorant of modern literature; who was utterly unable to "give a brief summary of the opinions held by, and a sketch of the principal events in the life of Heraclitus, Dr. Darwin, Kant, or Giordano Bruno;"—Broughton, who, when asked for the original source of the quotation, "When Greek meets Greek," said that when Greek met Greek he probably inquired whether he intended to vote for Prince Alfred, Jefferson Davis, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, Panizzi, or any other man;—Broughton, I say, passed third on the list, being beaten only by a student from Trinity College, Dublin, and a gentleman educated at Eton, where he resided exactly three weeks, and a private tutor's, with whom he passed seven years. As for myself, I have since been convinced that an examiner, whose name I willingly suppress, was shocked by my advanced opinions on the destination and progress of our race. This fact, together with a certain dash and freedom of style which continually peeps through, and which is more prone to disgust than to fascinate those with whom my fate lies, sufficed to exclude me from among the successful candidates. Our readers may possibly have heard, when the fire burns low on a winter night, and ghost-tale succeeds ghost-tale, and the trembling circle draw

closer in round the blazing hearth—on such an occasion my readers may have heard a story of two friends who made a compact in life that, if one of them died first, he should appear to the other and disclose to him what he knew of the secrets of the grave. While the result of the examination was still pending, we agreed, in imitation of these friends, that, if one only of us survived the ordeal, he should write to his home-staying comrade a full account of his Indian experiences. Broughton has been true to our contract; and, knowing that you had formerly expressed your willingness to insert a production of his pen (you may remember that your wish was conveyed in the same letter in which you informed me—with thanks—that you could not find space for my article on "The Subjectivity of Buckle"), I determined to send you his letters for publication. He will not be over-pleased when he gets scent of this step; but, as he depends on me for his *Macmillan*, I will take care that it shall not reach him till some months have elapsed.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SIMKINS, B.A.

Trin. Coll. Cant.

P.S.—I send you under cover a trifle which has occupied a few of my idle moments. It is somewhat in the vein of Browning. If you think the imitation too pronounced, or if, on the other hand, the originality of the little thing appears too marked to be graceful in a young author, pray do not hesitate to reject it.¹

LETTER I.

Calcutta, Jan. 24, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—Indian travellers usually commence their first letter by describing their earliest impression upon landing in Calcutta. With some it is mosquitoes; with others, Warren Hastings; while others, again, seem divided between an oppressive consciousness of heathendom and hot tiffins. My pre-

¹ On the whole, we seem to detect some slight traces of the fault in question.—EDTTON'S NOTE.

vailing feeling was negative: it was the absence of Dundreary. The sense of relief at being able to ask a question without being told that it was "one of those things no fellah could understand," was at first delightfully soothing. On the whole, the current English slang is at a discount in the market here. "Any other man," which at first showed some firmness, is now rarely quoted; but there is a tendency towards doing business in "your poor feet," checked only by an inability to account for the origin of the expression.

I did not write during the first fortnight, as I was in very low spirits, and nothing encourages that state of mind so much as trying to communicate it to others. There is no doubt that the situation of a young civilian has much in it that is very trying. His position is precisely that of a new boy at school. I was continually expecting to hear the familiar question, "What's your name, you fellow?" Nobody, however, seemed to care enough about me to ask. There are so many young civilians that older residents cannot afford to show them attentions until they have earned themselves an individuality. Every one has been a "student" in his day, with the same hopes, the same aspirations, the same anxiety about passing in Persian. Just as the magnates of undergraduate life at the university refuse to see in an ardent freshman the future Craven Scholar or Member's prizeman; just as the full-blown vicar smiles at the energy of his curate, burning to emulate the fame of a Philpotts or a Close; even so the judges of the High Court and the Secretaries to Government are slow to extend their favour and encouragement to budding Metcalfes and possible John Peters. As a set off, however, against the insignificance of student-life, there is the certainty that each year will bring with it an increase in importance and social position. A civil servant of ten years' standing who has not plenty of friends and a sufficiency of admirers must either be singularly undeserving or exquisitely disagreeable.

The sensation of loneliness is much

aggravated by the present system of selecting and training the members of the Indian Civil Service. In old days a writer came out in company with a score of men who had passed the last two years of their English life in the same quadrangle as himself. He found as many more already comfortably settled and prepared to welcome and assist their fellow-collegian, and in his turn he looked forward to receiving and initiating a fresh batch at the end of another six months. Haileybury formed a tie which the vicissitudes of official life could never break. In the swamps of Dacca, in the deserts of Rajpootana, amidst the ravines and jungles where the Khoond and the Santhal offer an intermittent but spirited opposition to the advance of civilization and the permanent settlement, wherever two Haileybury men met they had at least one set of associations in common. What matter if one wore the frock-coat of the Board of Revenue, while the other sported the jack-boots and solar topee of the Mofussil Commissioner? What matter though Brown swore by the Contract Law and Sir Mordaunt Wells, while Robinson was suspected of having lent a sly hand in pushing about the Nil Durpan? Had they not rowed together on the Lea? Had they not larked together in Hertford? Had they not shared that abundant harvest of medals which rewarded the somewhat moderate exertions of the reading-man at the East Indian College? This strong *esprit de corps* had its drawbacks. The interests of the country were too often postponed to the interests of the service. But the advantages of Haileybury outweighed the defects.

Our situation is very different. Few of us are lucky enough to have more than two or three acquaintances among the men of our own years; and, while our seniors persist in looking on us as a special class, we have no bond of union among ourselves. At Cambridge you must have observed that freshmen regard freshmen with a peculiar suspicion and shyness; and I sometimes think that it is the same with the novices of the

Civil Service. It is some time before we acquire the aplomb, the absence of which characterises the reading-man of the University. I use the word "aplomb" in order to avoid your darling term "self-consciousness," that treasured discovery of a metaphysical age. When a man describes himself as "self-conscious" I always think of the American fugitive bawling out to an officer who attempted to rally his regiment, "For Heaven's sake, do not stop me; I am so fearfully demoralised." The stories against the Competition Wallahs which are told and fondly believed by the Haileybury men are all more or less founded on the want of *savoir faire*. A collection of these stories would be a curious proof of the credulity of the human mind on a question of class against class. They remind one of nothing so much as of the description in "Ten Thousand a Year" of the personal appearance, habits, and morals of the supporters of the Reform Bill.

For instance :

Story showing the Pride of Wallahs.—A Wallah, being invited to dinner by a member of Council, went out before the whole company.

Story showing the Humility of the Wallahs.—A Wallah, on a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, being urged to sit down, replied that he knew his place better. (Be it observed that the Lieutenant-Governor denies the story with all its circumstances.)

Some anecdotes are more simple, such as : a Wallah, riding on a horse, fell into a tank ; or, a Wallah, seeing a rifle, thought it was a musket.

The idea entertained by the natives is droll enough : they say that another caste of Englishmen has come out. A common complaint among the magistrates and commissioners up country is, that many of the young men who have lately joined lack the physical dash and the athletic habits that are so essential in India. When some three or four Englishmen are placed over a province as large as Saxony, an officer who cannot drive a series of shying horses, or ride across country, is as useless as a judge who suffers from headache in a badly-venti-

lated courthouse. A Commissioner of Police told me that on one occasion, when a district in Bengal was in a very inflammable state on account of the Indigo troubles, he marched up in hot haste with a strong force, and requested the civil officer to meet him on the way. To his ineffable disgust that gentleman came to the rendezvous in a palanquin. It was not by travelling about in palanquins that Wake and Mangles and their fellows, in the midst of a hostile population, with small hope of success, bore up against frightful odds through the long months of the great mutiny. It is impossible to believe that any class of Englishmen are deficient in natural courage ; but familiarity with arms and horses can only be acquired by men constantly exercised in field sports ; and to field sports the new civilians are not addicted as a class. The individual members of an imperial race settled in small numbers throughout a subject population must be men of their hands. What the Enniskilleners were in Ireland, what the soldiers of Cortes were in Mexico ; that are our countrymen in India. It is well for a Mofussil civilian that he should have cultivated tastes and extended views ; but it is well likewise that he should be ready at need to ride fifty miles on end without seeking for road or bridge, and that in villages and bazaars of the most evil reputation he should feel secure with a favourite hog-spear in his hand, and a double-barrelled Purday slung across his shoulders.

In the earlier days of the new system, stories were frequently told against the competitioners, accusing them of the grave crimes of frugality and foresight. One competitioner had set up house-keeping with a dozen of beer and a corkscrew. Another was seen walking with his arm round his wife's waist in the bazaar. We no longer hear anything of this class of anecdotes, for the plain reason that society has come round to the competitioners, and acknowledged that they were in the right. If a young couple in the first year of wedded life cannot be happy without a carriage,

their love can hardly be so warm as to justify their marrying on three hundred a year. Many of those who laughed loudest had bitter reason to regret the want of the prudence which they ridiculed. In old days, it was no uncommon thing for men of advanced life—high in office—to be tormented with debts contracted during their first eighteen months in the country. With minds of a certain class, to have “turned your lac”—that is, to owe ten thousand pounds—was conventionally supposed to be a subject of mutual congratulation. Whether the contemplation of that achievement afforded equal pleasure to the father of a large family down a vista of thirty years may well be doubted. A civilian who has the self-command to live within his income from the very day on which he lands, after a very short time, will never know what the want of money is. But to live within his income is no easy thing for a student within the Calcutta ditch. To him iced champagne is as pleasant, and hired palkee-gharries are as dirty, and promising colts in the last batch landed from the Cape are as good bargains as to any collector and magistrate in the receipt of nineteen hundred rupees a month. It is sweet to quaff Moselle-cup on Sabbath afternoons in the Botanical Gardens; sweet to back one's opinion with fifty gold mohurs within the palings of the Grand Stand; sweet—oh, passing sweet!—to whisper soft some-things in the ear of the beauty of the cold season as you rein in your chafing Arab by her carriage on the course. Facile is the descent of Avernus; subservient is the native banker; easy is it, and withal somewhat dignified, to borrow on official prospects. But it will not be so pleasant a quarter of a century hence, when Harry, poor fellow, has to be written to and told to give up the Balliol Scholarship because you cannot afford to pay his college-bills; and Tom must be kept on at that private school where he learns nothing, because Rugby is too expensive; and Margaret's marriage has to be put off another, and yet another year, because you cannot spare

the couple of thousand for her settlements; and, worse than all, the little ones are growing paler and more languid every month, but the fares of the P. and O. are so heavy; and that infernal Baboo is growing so insolent; and your head was not quite the thing last hot season; and mamma.... It is better to pinch a little, while one is young and hopeful; and the competitors have discovered this principle, and are acting upon it honestly and well.

We must not close our eyes to the undoubted advantages of competition. Short of competition, the old system of appointment by individual directors is far the best that ever was devised. A gentleman in very high office out here, of great experience and excellent judgment, proposes that the Secretary of State should name twice as many candidates as there are vacancies, and that the half of these should be selected by a searching competitive examination. But it is impossible for a statesman, with his hands full of work, however well-disposed, to make, on his own judgment, a large number of appointments. He must rely on the recommendation of others. He might, indeed, request the head-masters of the great public schools to send in the names of those of their best scholars who fancied an Indian career—which, after all, would only be an irregular competitive system under another name. But he would be far more likely to ask members of parliament, who were undecided which way to vote on the approaching stand-and-fall question, to assist him with their valuable advice in making the nominations. The prizes of the Civil Service are too rich to be placed in the lap of any one man. Suppose twenty vacancies, and a secretary for India with free opinions on the matter of patronage. What would be easier than to nominate twenty favoured candidates, and twenty youths who had failed three times running in the preliminary examination at Cambridge? The only chance for a man, without interest, would be to feign extreme incapacity; to get flogged at

school and plucked at college; and then to burst on the horror-struck examiners with a flood of unsuspected information and latent genius. It would be necessary to imitate the elder Brutus, in order to deceive the Tarquin of the India Office. Now the system of appointment by directors worked well, because it was founded on the principle of personal responsibility. Each member of the board wished his *protégé* to do him credit. He chose the most promising of his sons or nephews: and a public-spirited man would often go further, and nominate the most likely young fellow of his acquaintance. The chief disadvantage lay in the fact that the lads, brought up in Anglo-Indian families, and among Indian associations, from an early age, looked upon India as their birthright, and failed to acquire the larger views and wider interests of a general English education. Any one who has observed boys closely cannot fail to remark the unfortunate effect produced on a growing mind by a special line of life constantly in prospect.

Is there, then, any plan which would unite the advantages of the old and the new systems? Why not appoint men by open competition, between the ages of, say, seventeen and nineteen, and afterwards send the successful candidates to an East Indian college at one of the universities? By choosing your civilians at an earlier age, you will get hold of a class who now slip through your hands. A man of first-rate powers, who has once tasted the sweets of university success, will never be persuaded to give up his English hopes. By the time he is five-and-twenty, when he has begun to estimate his position truly, and to see that a University Scholarship is not a certain step to the cabinet or the woolsack, then, indeed, he would be glad enough to take the Civil Service by the forelock. But at two-and-twenty, in the full conceit of a glorious degree, in the full view of a Trinity or Merton fellowship, who would consent to exchange the Common-room *in esse*, and Downing-street *in posse*, for the bungalow and the cutcherry? Warren Has-

tings and Sir Charles Metcalfe were among the best scholars of their time at Eton and Westminster. If they had once worn the gown, once known what it was to be the pets of the Union Society and the favourites for the medal among the knowing ones at the scholars' table, they would have been lost for ever to India. Under the existing system, such men are lost to her for ever. Put the limit of age some three years earlier, and you will have a fair chance of getting a Metcalfe every other year and a Hastings once in a decade.

Such a college as I propose would retain all that was good in Haileybury, without its capital defect—an excessive *esprit-de-corps*, a way of thought too exclusively Anglo-Indian. A set of lads, fresh from the great public schools, imbued each with the traditions and tone of the place in which he had been brought up, the heroes of Bigside, the aristocracy of the Philathletic Club at Harrow, would be in no danger of turning into a community of young Quihyes. Future judges of the Zillah Court, with livers as yet unenlarged, would drive their eight-ox past the Plough with all the zeal of Caius and something of the dash of third Trinity. Sucking assistant residents would vie with any in acquiring that style, so exquisitely compounded of Pope's "Odyssey" and Brady-and-Tate, which used to characterise the Cambridge Prize Poem until the heir of England inspired the University lyre. Such a college would obviate all the defects in the present system, that are so strongly felt both by its enemies and its well-wishers. A sense of brotherhood would again unite the members of the Civil Service, bound together by the most indissoluble of ties, the memory of what Horace beautifully calls "a boyhood passed under not another king." Such an institution would prove an admirable corrective of a pedantic, unpractical turn of mind, or of a sedentary effeminate habit of body. The innate evils of a close college would have no existence there. A society of young fellows, picked by merit from the great places of education, would be a credit

and an example to either university, and Cambridge would be lucky, indeed, to secure them for herself.

I have been very long and dull about my competitors, but it is consoling to think that you would have been much duller. You may take your revenge by writing eight sides upon any subject in which you are interested, excepting only the American war and the destinies of our race, provided only that you prepay the letter. My next shall be more amusing, as I start this day week on a visit to my cousin, the collector and magistrate of Mofussilpoor, in Bahar, so that you shall hear something of up-country life. Go on and prosper in your mission of reforming society, even unto martyrdom. But, if you are condemned to drink hemlock, for Heaven's sake do not expect me to stand by and listen to you talking about pain and pleasure for the last six hours of your existence. Be assured that my affection for yourself, and my indifference to your theories, continue unchanged.

"Jecur, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

It is not worth while altering the line for your benefit, as you never had a strong opinion on the question of quantities. It has sometimes occurred to me that your having fallen short of excellence as a writer of Latin verse may be partially accounted for by your neglect of prosody.

Ever yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

P.S. You asked for a description of life on the overland route. I send you the prologue written for a play we acted on board Captain Weston's ship, the *Nemesis*, on the evening of the day on which we stopped at the coral island of Minnicoy, to pay a visit to the poor people who had been wrecked in the Colombo some six weeks before. It will tell you as much as it is good for you to know about the habits and pastimes of the "P. and O." travellers.

Fair dames, whose easy-chairs in goodly row
Fringe either bulwark of the P. and O.
Whose guardian angels with auspicious gales
Swell the broad bosom of our outward sails,
Or, as a metaphor more strictly true,
Direct the revolutions of our screw;
As the long day wears on, and nothing brings
To break the dull monotony of things,
No fresh delight, no genial Christmas fun,
Save water-ices or a casual bun,
Just like our watches, as we eastward go
We're growing slower still and yet more slow.
In search of sport these join the circle full
That smokes and lounges round the game of "Bull",
Chaff if Smith get a B, and marvel when
Jones, flushed with triumph, scores a lucky ten.
Those train their muscles, spite of bruise and rub,
With two old dumb-bells and a broken club,
And, like true heroes, undergo in play
Work that were cheap at five rupees a day.
Some loftier natures court a nobler care,
And sit in judgment on the bill of fare,
Sigh for fresh butter and abuse the ghee,
Sneer at the ox-tail soup and praise the pea,
And for discussion find a boundless field
In Irish stew hermetically sealed.

Then blame us not if we exert our powers

To charm away *ennui* some two short hours.
 Excuse our faults. For time most sorely prest
 We've done but roughly, though we've done our best.
 To dye our lover's waistcoat in a hurry
 We stole a spoonful of the purser's curry,
 And left the after-dinner wine and fig
 To pick the hemp that forms our villain's wig.

Is there one here who, when his spirits droop,
 Recalls his broken slumbers on the poop;
 Roused from the rugged plank on which he lay
 By humid Lascars ere the break of day?
 Is there a maid who lives in nightly dread
 Lest some dire cockroach drop from overhead,
 And in the fevered fancies of her sleep
 Sees the foul insect towards her pillow creep?
 Let them to-night, while laughing till they cry,
 Lay cares and cockroaches and Lascars by.
 If thoughts of those we left on Minnicoy
 Infuse some bitters in our cup of joy,
 Let us at least this consolation rest on,
 Through their mishap we sail with Captain Weston.

While friends at home through dank Tyburnia's fog,
 Their flanks protected by a trusty dog,
 A stout alpaca o'er their shoulders spread,
 Alert and armed, are marching back to bed,
 And scheming to avoid, as best they can,
 The fell embraces of "the nasty man;"¹
 Here shall the mermaids who pursue in play
 Our track of phosphor stretching miles away,
 When burst of merriment and jocund stave
 Come floating by across the Indian wave,
 Cock up their tails and cry, 'Full well we know
 Some lark's afloat on board the P. and O.'

¹ This is the professional title of the gentleman who actually gives the hug.

EXODUS OF MUSSULMANS FROM SERVIA.

SERVIAN FRONTIER, October 21st, 1862.

THE dispute between Servia and the Turkish Government has been what the newspapers call "satisfactorily adjusted for the moment." That is to say, the difficulty has been split, each party being obliged to abate somewhat of its claims. The Great Powers decree that Servia shall yet a while tolerate a Turkish garrison behind the old walls of the Danubian castles; but at the same time they enjoin the Porte to deliver her from the presence of those Mahometan populations still lingering within certain

of her towns. Moreover, the Turks are to evacuate and raze those two inland, mediæval keeps, commonly called the fortresses of Uzice and Sokol.

Sokol lies in the mountain passes close to the Bosnian border; and on our way to Sarayevo we resolved to turn aside and visit it. We expected to arrive there the same day as the Servian and Turkish Commissioners, who had already done their duty by Uzice; and we bore with us letters to a gentleman deputed to accompany them on the part of the English Consul-General at Belgrade.

From Belgrade, so far as Valjivo, the

carriage-road is as good as one would wish to see in England; and the lawns and oak trees on either side would grace an English park. In the larger villages where we spent the night, new houses are springing up; the inhabitants seem well-to-do, and the streets are clean. Among other contrasts which strike the traveller, when passing into the autonomous principality from that part of Turkey still governed by Mahometan officials, I may mention the following. On the Turk-ruled side, even new houses are built of wood, and window-panes are rare; the narrow streets are heaped with impure matter, and often form the channel of a filthy stream; the highway is but a track, and you require guards to protect you from robbery. On the Servian side, the lately-erected houses are of brick or stone, with glazed windows; the streets are wide and scrupulously clean; the public roads are worthy of Europe; and even in the forest-path you walk safe and free, as if at home.

Each day we achieved but a short distance, two good hours being engrossed by dinner in the house of a rich peasant. The programme on these occasions is the following:—At a turn of the road, you find a man waiting to bid you to the feast. He leads you to a glade in the wood, dotted over with white houses. Probably all these are peopled by one family; and on the green in the midst stands to receive you the house-father, heading his goodly tribe of sons and brothers. Stalwart figures, these Servian yeomen, broad of brow and dignified in bearing; well becomes them their bravery of fur-trimmed jackets and silver-mounted pistols! Near the door of the principal dwelling, you perceive the women of the family. In the district their dress consists of white tunics and crimson aprons; and they wear on the head a sort of diadem, set with gold pieces, and finished behind with a white linen veil. The way is led to a beautifully clean chamber, wherein the furniture shows a mixture of Oriental and European. The divan occupies one side; on the other stand tables and a chair; and the wall displays, in fair array, the

gold-bordered, fur-lined pelisses of the household, also the household weapons. Among the latter you may remark some old guns of Bosnian and Albanian fabric, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl: these are heirlooms transmitted from the War of Liberation, whereon the Serbs entered with scarce any weapons but their staves, and which they ended with arms taken from the enemy. Dinner begins with an *entrée* of cheese and clotted-cream; then comes *chorba*, *i.e.* chicken-broth, with a flavour of acid. Next you have boiled meat, with vegetables; then roast chicken or turkey—the latter bird being here plentiful and excellent. But the glory of the repast is the dessert. I never saw anything like the fruit here. Your own dinner finished, you must yet tarry; for the order of the feast consists in a succession of tables, beginning with the principal guests, and ending with the drivers and guides. While one division of the party eats, the other chats; and, in the case of the “elders,” chatting merits the name of debate. Often as they sit before the door, the newspapers are read out to them and the heads of families; the *Kmets* and the *Capetans* pass judgment on the conduct of statesmen and officials with all the deliberation and earnestness of men who feel that it is themselves who make the nation. The peace lately proclaimed, and its conditions, form at present the chief subject of discussion; and it must be confessed that few have a good word for either. The opinion of the Serbs of the Principality is given in broad terms: “It was a sin and a shame not to support their brave brethren the Serbs of Montenegro. The bombardment of Belgrade should have been a signal for war.”—“It is ill policy,” say they, “to desert a true friend, and make peace with a treacherous foe.” On the other hand, great reliance is placed on the patriotism and judgment of the present Prince Michael Obrenović. Of his patriotism they are sure; for he is a man of large fortune, independent of the Principality; and, if he has accepted the difficult and dangerous office of her ruler, it can only

be in order to serve her.¹ Of his judgment they have had proof, during his repeated travels through the country, in the detection of abuses, and in the wise measures for promotion of industry, which, proposed by him to the National Assembly, are now being actively carried out. Such are Prince Michael's personal merits; but, in what respects his dealings with the Turk, confidence is placed in him as "the son of old Milosh." "Let him alone," they say; "his father went slowly to work, but surely—to-day one step, to-morrow another."

And, now that we are on the topic of Servian yeomen, allow me to recommend them to the acquaintance of such of your friends as would like to see the realization of liberty and equality, without the subversion of society—a loss of reverence for family ties. The Servians of the Principality started on their autonomy as a nation of peasants: Prince, ministers, soldiers, employés—all are the growth of one generation. Some of the elder statesmen now in office themselves began life in the white tunic; and, for the rest, their fathers were keepers of flocks and tillers of the soil—their brethren and kinsfolk are so still. But the people which, in the nineteenth century, glories in calling itself a nation of peasants, would, in the Middle Ages, have called itself a nation of nobles. Every Servian has the rights which, in the Middle Ages, distinguished a noble. He may own land, bear arms, give his voice in the National Assembly; and, should the Prince break the laws, he is authorized to oppose him. Nor has this last-mentioned right been suffered to remain a dead letter. Since—little more than thirty years ago—the Principality entered on its autonomy, its people have thrice discarded their elected rulers; once for tyranny, and twice because they could not hold their own against foreign interference. And yet, as I said before, the Servians are not revolutionists; in no case has a change in the person of the ruler entailed inversion

of the social system. Far from it; subordination, and an almost patriarchal respect for the family, form elements as innate in their popular organization as the right of self-government and municipal freedom. Every district, every village, every household is a little state, self-governed, under magistrates elected or hereditary; the administrators are surrounded with reverence, and clothed with real authority. In the division of labour the head of the family assigns to each member his task. When taxes are raised, the elders of the village apportion to every family its share. This popular organization is as old as the Servian nationality, nay, as the Slavonic race.

The yeomen of Servia furnish the country with a militia of a hundred thousand men, each of whom is bound to provide himself with two pistols, a hangiar, and rifle, which are hence called house-weapons. Half of the militia has lately been called out, and at the time of our visit exercised three times a week. It was impossible not to be struck with their enthusiasm and martial spirit. No doubt, however, there is a shady side to this picture. In Servia there is no pauper class—you never see a beggar, very rarely a man in rags; there is no dangerous class; every man wears arms without offence to the peace of society. Yet, there is no denying that the warrior-yeoman has more taste for soldiering than for husbandry. His wants are few; and, where these are not concerned, he is indolent, impatient, wasteful. In many districts the fertile soil is rather scratched than cultivated; the grand old forest-trees are cut down for fences, or even wantonly slashed and burned. Measures for the improvement of agriculture and the protection of forests were enacted by the last National Assembly; but, in the meantime, persons with a natural penchant for "coercion" call out on the mischiefs of a system which leaves the peasant his own master. Others, however, who knew the country when Turkish Spahis were lords of the manor, point to lands since cleared and drained, to roads and

¹ When a few months ago the probability of war necessitated an increase of expenditure, the Prince at once resigned his Civil List.

schools yearly multiplying. Such are content to rely on education for creating in the people new wants, and on new wants for stimulating to new labour; while, in proof of what has already been done for the national character by freedom, they adduce the absence among Servian officials of that corruption which underlies administration in every other part of the Turkish empire.

When we arrived at a few hours distance from the Bosnian border, we were met by the Capetan of the district of Krupan, who escorted us the rest of the way with a troop of his pandours. He told us that preparations had been made for our visit to Sokol; next day we could ride over to dinner and return in the evening. "But" we asked "is it not true, as we heard at Valjivo, that the garrison of Sokol is in revolt, refusing to give up the fortress even at the order of the Sultan?" He answered "Only yesterday I sent off a trustworthy messenger to the Mudir or Governor of Sokol. He, the Mudir, is of opinion that, when his Sokolites shall be certain of receiving an equivalent for what they now resign, they will go out quietly. Lately they sent a deputation to the Vezir of Bosnia; and Osman Pasha has answered, promising them good lands, and kind treatment. The commission is expected at Sokol daily; and, meanwhile, if you go over, the Mudir promises you dinner and otherwise hospitable entertainment."

Next day we started. Our escort, besides our servant, an old soldier, including the Capetan and his pandours, also divers inhabitants of Krupan, well-armed and mounted, coming partly to do us honour, and partly to rejoice their hearts with a sight of the Mussulman Exodus. It was a thick autumn morning; but as, from time to time, we caught a glimpse beyond the boughs of the forest, we could see the mists gathering themselves together, and rolling off the hill-tops in clouds of sheen. After riding nearly two hours—that is to say, about half the distance—we arrived at the verge of the territory, comprehending nine villages assigned to the garrison of Sokol for subsistence. Here,

under magnificent oak-trees, we found a detachment of the frontier guard, picturesque figures in white tunics with caps and girdles of crimson; we found also what by no means pleased us—a message from the Mudir of Sokol to inform us that the garrison had revolted against his authority, refusing to quit, refusing to admit the Commission, and threatening all who should approach their walls with death. I don't think at first that we gave the Mudir credit for sincerity. Having had a good deal of Turkish excuses we half suspected this to be one of them; and the old Sub-Capetan was loth to turn back. "Decide for yourselves" he said; "if you will risk it, let us go on." We asked "Don't you think it likely the Turks will shoot at you?" "Bah," cried one of the bystanders, "what does he care for that, they have shot at him twice already." Again we consulted the messenger. He confirmed the Mudir's warning with emphasis, and added that the Commissioners now arrived in the neighbourhood had not ventured further than Serbovia, a village on the Sokol frontier. On this, it was resolved to turn our course. We would ride round on Serb territory to Serbovia, hear from the Commissioners what they thought of the matter, and, if next day the Sokolites agreed to receive them, visit Sokol in their company. The Capetan promised us that on the way we should at least see the "Falcon Keep."¹

So off we set again, riding, or rather scrambling on horseback, over forest and bracken, steep earth-bank and stony ledge, the woods ringing with the loud songs of our escort, the echoes startled with their pistol-shots fired off for glee. On the road we gathered details. First, coming on an old man and his son walking armed in a small field of cucuries, we halted to ask what news they had of their neighbours. The old man came forward and answered. "I am now seventy years of age, and never has a year of my life passed without houses being burnt, and cattle robbed, and men slain in strife with the Turks of Sokol. But yesterday

¹ Sokol-Falcon.

the men of the village nearest to ours came and said, "We are going up to Sokol to hold counsel with our brethren whether we shall give up our Castle, or whether we shall refuse. Should it be decided for war, we will let you know by firing off two cannon. Last night," added the old man, "two cannon-shots were heard." "Well," said the Capetan, "you have lived to see the day when the Sultan has to order his Turks out of Sokol; now mark well, and tell your children and your grand-children, that on that same day you saw English people riding with the Servians." The old man and his sons lifted their caps and cried, "Thank God."

On we rode, when, all at once, from the top of a knoll we were skirting, out peeped a turban, while a rough voice challenged us. Those riding foremost stopped; and, the Capetan himself spurring forward, the turban-coifed figure emerged from the bushes, and the usual salutations were exchanged. "God help you." "How are you all at Krupan? at Sokol?" "How is the Mudir?" Presently up came a Servian who happened to be a neighbour of the turban's; they embraced, and the captain called out that raki should be given to the Turk. At the sight of the raki other Turks, hitherto concealed, forsook their lurking-place, and stole down the hill towards us.¹ A conversation ensued. The Turks in ambush were of those left behind as outposts when their brethren went up to Sokol; they had seen us approaching, and came out to reconnoitre. The superior numbers of our party imposed civility, and they rather apologized for the contumacious behaviour of their friends. It was all, they said, the fault of a few hot heads, who cared neither for the Commission, nor for the Sultan, nor for God; but they would soon find that this would not do. Our Capetan condoled with

them on their hard lot; "but," added he, "we all know that even heroes must yield to fate." "Kismet, kismet," answered the Turks, and drank again—"It is true." We were then introduced, and permission formally asked for us to ride through the next wood, whence we were to have a view of Sokol. The poor Turks had nothing for it but to acquiesce, and we bid them good-bye. They were wretched, ill-clothed, hungry-looking; and the hatred in their eyes accorded ill with the blandishments on their lips. However, I shall always be grateful to them for not having fired on us before challenging. It is evident there was among them no coward like the Pasha of Belgrade, who, without warning, fired on a defenceless city, full of women and children.

Soon after leaving the Turks, we came to the point commanding a view of Sokol. There it perches on a lonely crag among the hills, and above the river. Well does it deserve its name of Falcon's Nest. Only, as the Servians say, would that it were tenanted by a real falcon! You most know that *falcon* is the epithet used in Serb poetry to designate the "best heroes"—fierce and fearless, but true to country and creed. A falcon of pure breed is the Montenegrin; but the Turks at Sokol are the offspring of renegades. Sprung of Serb stock, and speaking the Serb tongue, they are the enemies of their brethren, the scourge of their fatherland.

To understand this, as also their position with regard to their fortress, we must take a peep at the history of the Mussulman in Servia. When, nearly five centuries ago, the Turk was pouring his hordes upon Europe, the Serbs staked and lost their all—empire, Czar, and the flower of their chivalry in one fatal field. What hope of salvation from Moslem yoke remained lay in the aid of the Hungarians and Germans. But German and Hungarian belonged to the Latin Church, and the price of their help was submission to the Roman Pontiff. In this dilemma the then

¹ The Mahometan's objection to wine does not extend to other spirituous liquors. We more than once saw Turks intoxicated. No doubt, however, the Sokolites are unusually liberal-minded, for no religious prejudice interfered with their stealing their neighbours' pigs.

ruler of Servia asked the Mahometan Sultan what degree of toleration he would agree to accord. His answer in tone much resembled the declarations of the Hatti-Sheriff and Hatti-Humayoun. "I would build," said the Turk, "a church near every mosque, and leave each man free to bow in the mosque or cross himself in the churches." From this original promise of toleration down to the truce signed before the bombardment of Belgrade, it may be said sweepingly that the Turk has not kept to the Serb one parole, except when chained to it by the interference of some European Power. So soon as the Turk had obtained possession of Servia, lands and rights were forfeited by all who did not accept the conqueror's creed. Then the best blood in Servia rallied to the Black Mountain of Zela,¹ where unto this hour they hold out for the "Cross and golden freedom." Great numbers of the Servian noblesse emigrated; and of those that remained, the most ransomed land and social position by the abjuration of their baptism. The Serb peasantry stood firm, bided its time, and, as we know, finally turned the scale on the renegades. During the war of Liberation many of the Mahometans fell, many left the country; and, in the treaty by which the Porte recognised the autonomy of Servia, she bound herself to remove such as yet remained within a certain term of years. It was her evasion of this engagement in the case of the Mussulmans at Belgrade that led to the late complication. However, in the same treaty it was stipulated that Turkish garrisons should continue in the Danubian fortresses, and in those of Uzice and Sokol; and whereas, on the Danube, these garrisons consist of regular troops, the inland castle was entrusted to the native Mahometans. These men owned nothing over them, save a nominal allegiance to the Sultan; they paid no taxes and were amenable to no tribunal except that of their own Mudir; what wonder that their fortresses grew to be robber-holds, places

of refuge for every escaped criminal or disaffected citizen in the principality. All the same, so far as the Sultan was concerned, they held his castles stoutly in his name; and in former times Sokol defied alike Serb and Austrian, even when once the garrison was reduced to seven men. It is in reward for such good service that one fine day the Sokolites are ordered to march forth without striking a blow! Who can refuse them a certain sympathy when they answer that, if the Sultan has deserted them, they will stand by each other, and vow to perish to a man rather than give up their "Maiden" Keep?

From the hillside we descended to the river Drina, which, at this part of its course, forms a boundary between Servia and Bosnia. Close on the farther side Osman Pasha was said to be encamped; and, on our way towards Serbovia, we met two deputations sent by him to admonish the contumacious Sokolites. One of these was led by a Turk of Uzice, kinsman to some of the most unruly; he was to mollify them by a description of the arrangements made for their well-being on the other side of the frontier. He was very sanguine of success, and even promised that we should enter Sokol next day.

After skirting the river's edge, we came out on a little plain, whereon lies the village of Serbovia. Here we found the Servian Commissioner, the Natchalnik of the district, a Servian officer, &c., also a Turkish officer, and the Dragonman of the Turkish Commission. The Turkish Commissioner himself had gone over to Osman Pasha. The English deputy of the consul was not there. Many were the congratulations that greeted us. It had been known that we were to be in Sokol that day, and no one expected we should ever again be seen alive. As it was late, we determined to remain the night at Serbovia, and next morning cross the river, present our letters to Osman Pasha, and request his sanction and assistance for a projected tour in Bosnia. Next morning, as we were on the point of starting,

¹ Called by the Venetians "Montenegro."

arrived a message from the Pasha, bidding us wait a while, and he would send over for us his own horses. Being already mounted, we saved him that trouble. The crossing of the Drina proved a very tedious operation—no mode of passage, save a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, too small to carry us all over at once. Now that we were a large party, our escort of the preceding day wished one and all to have ridden to the Pasha's camp; but the Capetan forbade it, in consideration for the Turkish nerves. As it was, we were one too many by a bard—one of the wild children of the frontier who fight and sing, and turn every skirmish into a "piesma;" he would not be denied crossing, and at first demeaned himself like an ordinary mortal. But when, on the opposite bank, he espied a body of Turks from Uzice in the very process of evacuating Servia, the spirit became too strong for him; within sight of the camp of the enemy he burst forth in a song of triumph. It is needless to say that for this exploit he is certain of a Turkish bullet the next time he rides alone; however, like the Capetan, he was probably in for that already.

About half an hour's distance on the other side of the river, we espied the white and green tents of the Turks, rising on a plain of some extent, and surrounding the house where lodged the Vizier. Osman Pasha received us courteously, and promised all that our letters desired. Then we had some talk with the Turkish Commissioner.

This personage was carefully disguised in the French language, and what appeared to be intended for an English cut of clothes. Though a man in the prime of life, he lisped out that he had been ill-lodged for nearly a week, and that the whole Turkish Commission had caught cold! How different from the Servian Commissioner—an aged man who insisted on giving up to us his room in the best house in the village, and laughed at the idea of any one objecting in fine weather to sleep out of doors! Certainly on this occasion the Ugrian did not show well beside the Slav. I do not say

the "Turk;" for that conventional name would include the Bosnian Mussulman in the suite of Osman Pasha, who seems to have brought with him all such Beys as he could not trust behind his back. These, like the Sokolites, although Mahometans by creed, were in type as in language Serb—tall powerful fellows, unaffected, dignified, and manly. As for our friends who accompanied us from the east side of the Drina, they distinguished themselves pleasantly among their adversaries, by an open cordial bearing. All such sympathy as was expressed for the ejected Mahometans came from them; for the old and weak among the population care was taken to provide carriages—it is said they found none on the Bosnian side—and, whereas the Servians as free patriotic men had a fellow-feeling for the veterans of Sokol, the officials from Constantinople showed nothing but peevish impatience at the discomfort entailed on themselves, and qualified their luckless co-religionists as "des gens incroyables."

At Serbovia we remained till after dinner, and thus had an opportunity of learning from their own lips what befel the various deputations sent the preceding day to Sokol. First, news came to the Capetan that certain deputies from Osman Pasha, including an officer of the Turkish army, had escaped during the night from Sokol to Krupan, and themselves under Servian protection. Word was despatched to send them to Serbovia. The poor men arrived before we started; the officer, too crestfallen to show himself in the village, slunk off at once to the other side of the water. But one of the native Turks came in and told his story. We all gathered round him. He looked a picture of woe, and related that he and his comrades had been shut up in a tower, and only escaped as by miracle. Perceiving us, he added that he had been present during the council wherein our visit was discussed. The Sokolites had vowed that, if the Queen of England, with Sultan Adul Aziz at her side, were to ride up the castle, they would turn the

cannon on them. In proof of sincerity, they actually did point two cannon on the road by which we were expected to approach, while they soundly beat the Turkish officer as representative of the Padishah. On the way home, we fell in with both the parties we had met yesterday; neither had been allowed to enter the fortress, and the Turk from Uzice, who was to convert his relations, had to turn back late at night and take shelter in a Servian guard-house.

And now, leaving Sokol on the right, we struck into the good broad road that leads from Serbovia to Krupan. Climbing ever higher and higher, it carries you through a scale of beauties, from the picturesque ferry and steep-wooded bank of the Drina, to the mountain-top whence your eye can range over the endless furrows of the border-chain. I do not know that we ever saw a view so really grand as this; it has two features—forest and mountain. The Rhenish countries in their variegated loveliness present nothing equal to this splendid monotony.

The Drina rises in the Herzegovine, parts Bosnia from Servia, and falls into the river Save, which, in its turn, falls into the Danube. By the removal of those Mahometan populations, whose unfriendly tenements broke up the frontier, the Servian government will now be able to carry on to the mouth of the Drina that road which already runs along the Servian part of the right bank. Nay, there are enterprising spirits who contemplate such a regulation of the bed of the stream as might render it navigable to small steamers. Thus might a line of communications be opened to countries which, rich as they are, and beautiful and peopled by Christian nationalities, have hitherto been utterly shut out from the intercourse and sympathy of Christian Europe.

I cannot conclude this sketch of the exodus of the Mahometans from Servia, without adding the judgment on its consequences given by a Servian "*Vracara*," a prophetess. This "*Wise Woman*," as she would be called in Scotland, enjoys high consideration, even

among those who see in her predictions no more than the result of accurate observation, joined to great natural sagacity; but among the multitude her words are oracles, and we were informed that she had gained new fame by her insisting, all through the late excitement, that there would be no war "this year." The *Vracara*, hearing of our arrival at Krupan, came to visit us, riding gallantly, with a pistol at her girdle. Once dismounted, however, the amazon disappeared, and she stood before us a calm and reverend matron, dressed like other matrons of the district, and with nothing striking in her countenance, save the passionless, foreseeing glance of the wise, steady eye. Her spell consisted in the cutting of a root, from whose fibres she professed to read; but she made so little show of her charm that it was evidently used merely as a tribute to the imagination of the vulgar. After some conversation we asked her opinion on the matter of Sokol. She answered almost carelessly, "That will be settled quickly enough—in little more than a week. The unyielding are few, and the rest only stand by them through fear; a week will tire them out; the leaders will be left alone, and must give in. But that is not the end." "And what will be the end?" we asked. "In winter fresh quarrels will arise, and these will not be settled quickly. It will go on and on, and grow greater and greater, and many heroes must fall—many Serb heroes." We asked, "Will the greater loss be among the Serbs or of the enemy?" She answered steadily, "*Of our people, many of our sons must fall—of our bravest sons; but the end is victory.*"

Three months have elapsed since the above was written, and we can record the accomplishment of the first part of the *Vracara's* prediction. By the time we reached Laragevo, we found Osman Pasha returned thither, and heard that the surrender of Sokol had been brought about by the desertion of a great part of the garrison. But lately a new dispute has arisen, relative to the evacuation of

Little Zvornik, a district which undoubtedly forms part of the Servian territory, but which the Porte refuses to surrender, because it commands a Turkish fortress on the opposite bank of the Drina. Suppose this disagreement adjusted, that of the Danubian fortresses remains; and, even were the Principality itself emancipated, who can think that the question will stop short of the cognate populations of Bosnia and the Herzegovine?

Too likely it seems, alas! that the second part of the prediction will not be suffered to fail; for how dire must be the ravage of the blooming principality, how great the slaughter among the champions of freedom if, as in the war with Montenegro, England supplies money and arms to the Turkish army, while Austria cuts off the means of defence from its antagonist! No doubt, the end will, as the Vracara prophesied, be *victory*. But, in the name of humanity, cannot any measures avoid the terrible intermediate stage? Why should there be war to the knife when the interest of all parties dictates *compromise*? The Porte, not to speak of her loss in soldiers, spends on keeping down her Slavonic provinces more than she derives from their revenue; and the Servians had far better close with advantageous conditions than with a disastrous campaign. The Mahometan population itself—especially the Bosnian Beys—would find their interests best consulted by an amicable arrangement; for, having already lost power and prominence by the transference of the administration of their countries to Ottoman officials, they fear daily to lose lands and life by a Christian conquest or a servile insurrection. Under these circumstances, were it not better for the Porte to accord to the Slavonic provinces the autonomy already enjoyed by the United Principalities? Why should not the Prince of Servia be delegated as the Sultan's Viceroy to govern the Slavonic population even as the Prince of Wallachia and Moldavia governs the Rouman? It is evident that the chances of amalgamation between Christian and Mussul-

man would thus be doubled. Whereas it is now attempted to reconcile them by reducing both under centralized despotism, the Government of Servia would elevate both by the proclamation of constitutional liberty. Whereas the agents of the Porte are Orientals, bred in bribery and in corruption, the Servian officials are European, regularly paid and strictly disciplined. While to the Slavonic Mussulman, as well as the Christian, the Turkish rule, together with the Asiatic dialect in which it is administered, is odious because foreign, a national government would depend for aid on the one sentiment which in these countries Christian and Mussulman have in common—the sentiment of their Slavonic nationality.

I know there is an impression in some quarters that the Mahometan would not on any terms submit to Christian Government; but—without insisting on the fact, that in other parts of the world there are at this moment millions of Mahometans living under Christian administration—I would point out that the continued recognition of the Sultan as *suzerain* is sufficient to obviate offence on this head. Besides, the same argument must exclude Christians from every office of authority throughout the Turkish empire. Finally, you must not suppose that material considerations—the prospect of reduction in taxes, cessation of war contributions, and such-like—appeal less strongly to the Slavonic Mussulman than to other mortals. During our journey through Bosnia, it happened that among the drivers of our luggage, was a Turk from Uzice. He had been a merchant, but, during the exodus and its preceding disturbances, lost almost everything, except the horses now hired out to us. On discharging this man, we requested him to give us an account of the events that forced him to emigrate, and he complied, speaking before several other Mussulmans, our servant, and a priest, both Roman Catholics: there was no Servian present. The Turk proved to be a good orator, and told his tale picturesquely and vehemently. First he re-

lated the burning of Uzice, throwing the whole blame on the Servians, and concluded with a hope that there would be war in the spring, when he should avenge his expulsion. Next he described the sorrowful exodus—bearing, however, testimony to the consideration shown by the Servian Government in its mode of removing the emigrants. Lastly, he dwelt on the miseries that awaited the emigrants in Bosnia—the wretched state of the country, and the breach of a promise given by the Turkish Government that in the first half-year they should be exempt from taxation. The sorrowful story being concluded, we asked the narrator if it was true that the Turks of Uzice had received an offer to remain where they were on condition of becoming Servian subjects, but that they had preferred to go rather than stay on such terms. The poor merchant absolutely shrieked. "Who told you that?" he cried. "Who said that such an offer was made and that we refused it? Never, never, were we offered such terms." On this we told him what we knew of M. Yarashanin's mission to Constantinople, and how the Prince had distinctly offered that the Mahometans should remain in Servia on condition that they obeyed the Serb laws. We added, "You know the Prince: he is

not the man to drive any one away because of religion—Christian and Mussulman are to him alike Serb." The merchant listened with breathless attention, and replied, "That is true; we do know the Prince, and that he is a just man. It is also true that we are all one nation. Do we not all speak one language, and is not the same land our home? How then came you to believe that we should have quitted Servia if we might have remained on condition of obeying the laws? *Are not the taxes paid to the Prince far lighter than what we must now pay the Sultan?* Believe me, believe me, I will swear it to you, no choice of remaining was put before us."

And believe me, were the choice put before them, most of the Slavonic Mussulmans—all the intelligent and hopeful—would be as ready to negotiate as the merchant of Uzice. Rather than brave the chances of future expulsion by the Christians, rather even than submit any longer to the insolence and exactions of Ottoman officials, they would come to an understanding with their brethren on the recognition of common interests and common ties, and share the benefits of a free, tolerant, and national government under an enlightened and patriotic Prince.